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DRAWN BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

Autumn Leaves

VOL XLVIII NO 10

NOVEMBER 25 1911



CHRISTIAN MARTYRS GIVEN TO THE LIONS

CHRISTIANITY is the greatest fact in history. The early Christians endured martyrdom rather than forsake Principle. The picture shown herewith, from Ridpath's History, depicts 87,000 people assembled in the Coliseum at Rome to witness the Christians given to the lions. In such a scene may be read the inevitable doom of the Empire that ruled the world. The blood of the Martyrs is the seed from which Christian civilization sprang. If you would know the history of mankind—every sacrifice for principle, every struggle for liberty, every conflict and every achievement, from the dawn of civilization down to the present time—then embrace this splendid opportunity to place in your home the world-famed publication,

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We will mail free a beautiful 46 page booklet of sample pages to all Collier's readers interested in our offer who mail us the coupon at the bottom of this page. Hundreds of Collier's readers have already availed themselves of our special offer. We have shipped this splendid set of books to delighted readers living in every state in the union, and every purchaser is more than satisfied. We are closing out the few remaining sets of the last edition, brand new, down to date, beautifully bound in half morocco. We offer these sets to Collier's readers

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We will name our price only in direct letters to those sending the coupon below. Tear off the coupon, write name and address plainly and mail now before you forget it. Dr. Ridpath's widow derives her income from his History, and to print our price broadcast for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets would cause great injury to future sales. Send coupon to-day.

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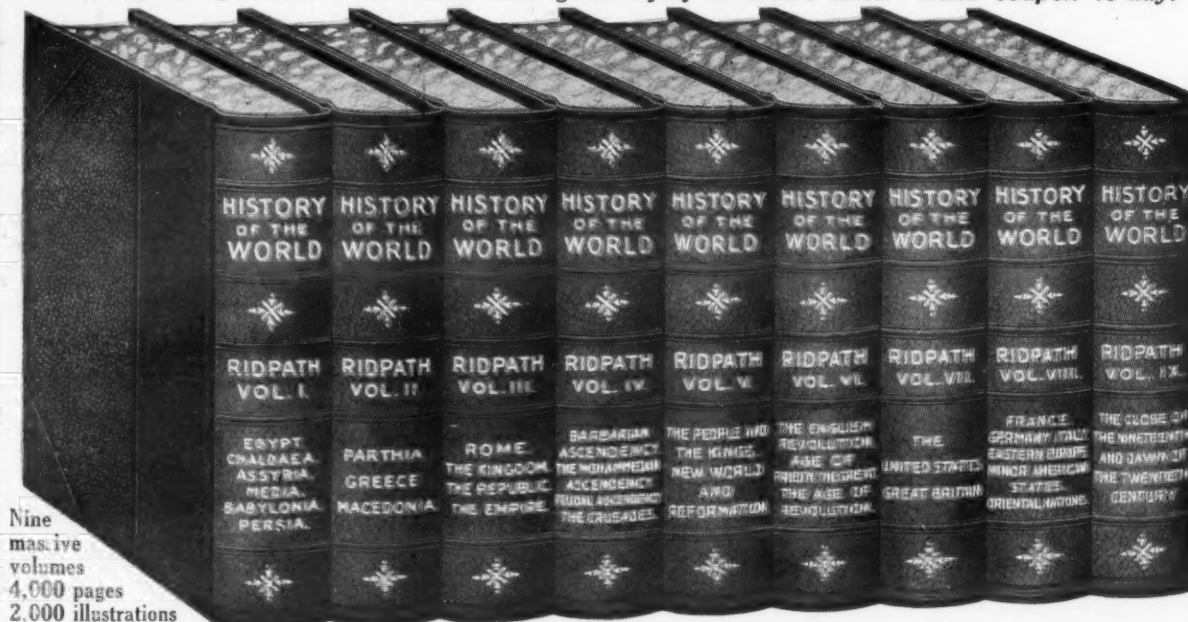
said: "Ridpath's History is in clear and agreeable style, comprehensive in treatment, readable type and admirable illustrations. This set of books is a permanent college chair of general history in one's own house."

President Harrison

said: "The author's labors are deserving of the highest praise. The printing and binding are first class and the illustrations are numerous and of a high order. I most heartily recommend this great work for study and convenient reference."

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said: "Dr. Ridpath's History of the World is a lasting monument to the author's intelligence and industry. It is thorough and comprehensive and will be a permanent help to an increasing number as a reference library."



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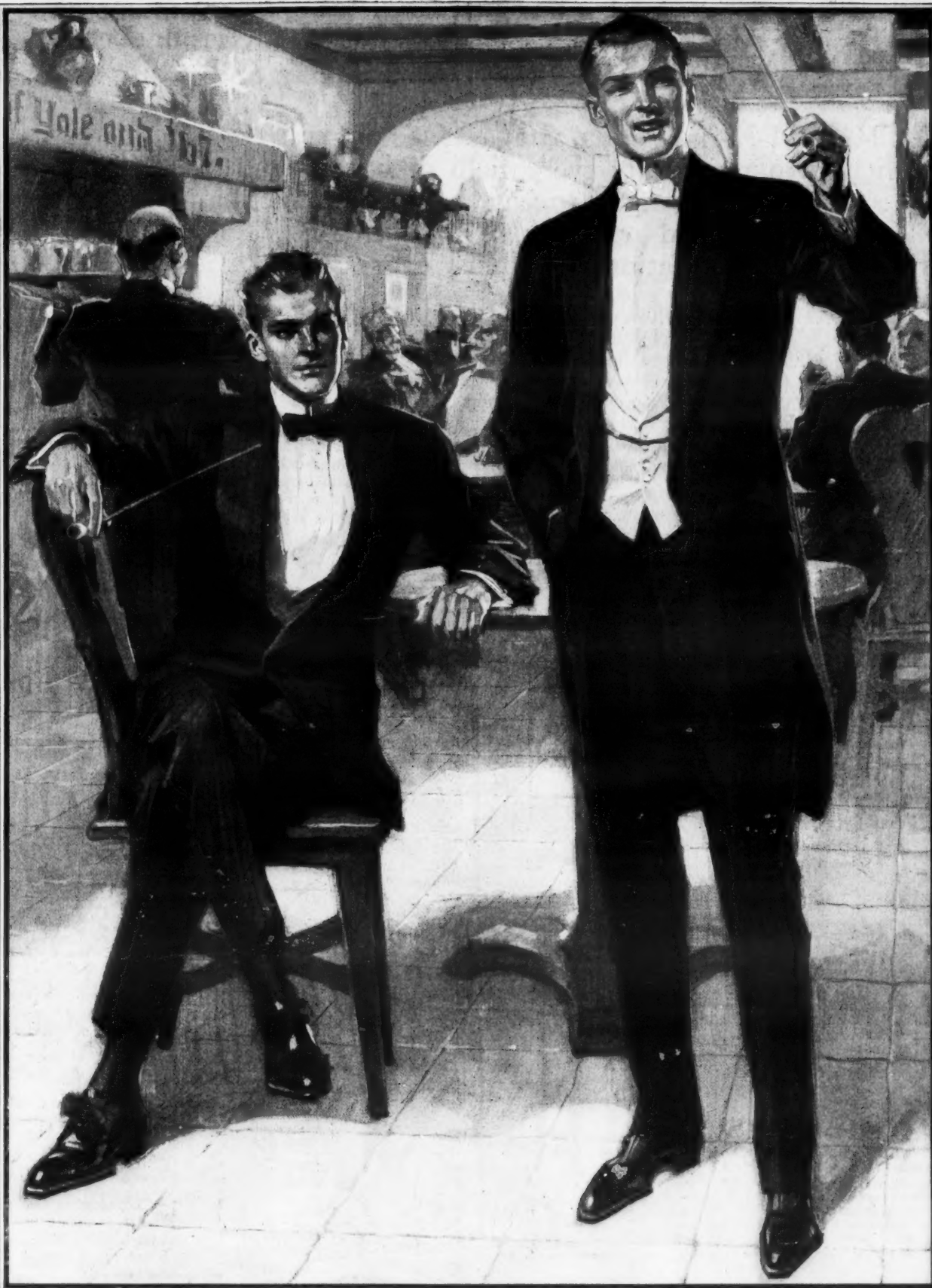
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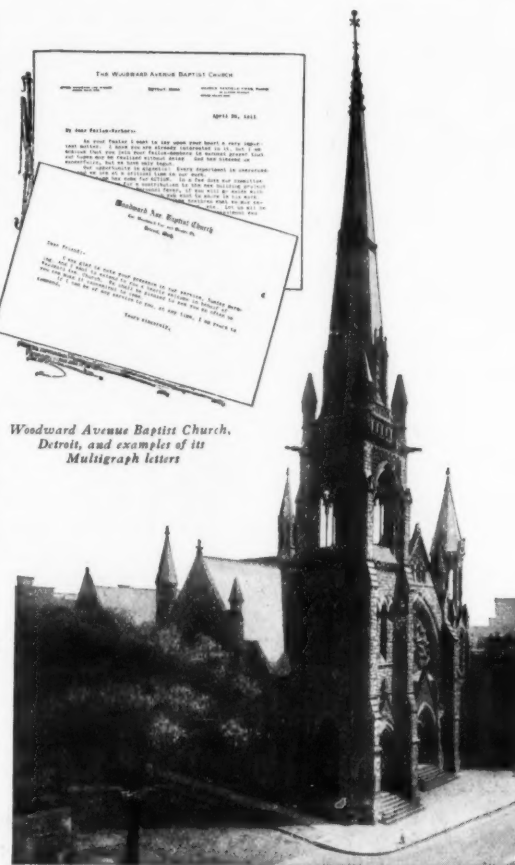
Religious organizations find the Multigraph a most efficient aid in many ways—weekly bulletins of church activities; enlarging pastoral work by letters of greeting to strangers and letters of encouragement to inquirers; recruiting the Sunday School and following up absentees by letters to parents; and raising funds.



Ancient Order of Gleaners—its Office-Building, and examples of its Multigraphed bulletins



Woodward Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit, and examples of its Multigraph letters



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THE Ancient Order of Gleaners is a protective, benevolent and co-operative fraternity with headquarters in Detroit—in the substantial structure illustrated above.

Its membership is largely made up of farmers, to whom it is striving to be of great practical benefit by circulating Multigraphed market-reports and information as to crop-conditions, and by co-operative buying of supplies. Its assistant secretary writes thus: "The machine has become a necessity in our business. We have for several months been carrying on a special publicity campaign, and have issued many thousands of circulars, letter forms, reports, etc., at a great saving in printers' bills."

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The Woodward Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit—illustrated at the right—is one of many churches using the Multigraph as briefly outlined above.

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Aiding the Salvation Army

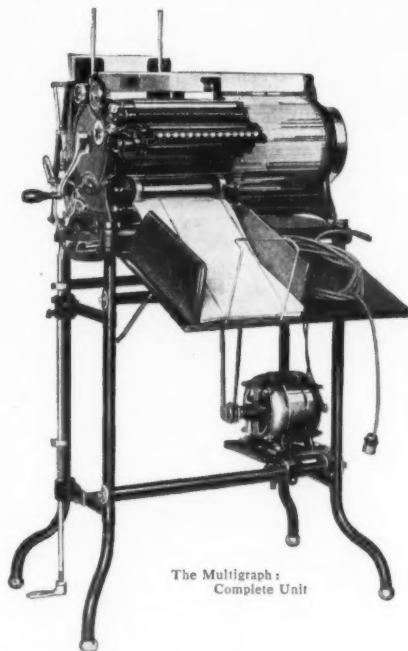
The general secretary of the Provincial Office of the Salvation Army at Cleveland says: "We consider it indispensable. From a standpoint of economy of time, labor and expense, it has no equal. . . . in short, we could not do without our Multigraph."

Electing a Moderator

Rev. James F. Black, then pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, Detroit, sent us a Multigraphed letter of which he said: "One thousand of these sent to the right spot elected our man, or helped to, to the highest office in the Presbyterian Church."

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The Chamber of Commerce of Binghamton, N. Y., issued an annual report produced throughout, with the exception of the cover, on the Multigraph. The report contains the following statement: "A Multigraph has been purchased for the purpose of printing the daily bulletins containing the records of the County Clerk's office, also the members' bulletins which may be sent out from time to time, and the many circular letters which the office is compelled to send in connection with the various departments that have been established. As an illustration of the work which is being done, the Annual Report for this year is printed thereon at a very great saving to the organization."



The Multigraph: Complete Unit

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

THERE can be no sale unless, after proper investigation, our representative's report proves to our satisfaction, as his demonstration must to yours, that the Multigraph will prove a profitable investment for you.

That's a rule we really enforce, because we honestly believe it's the best policy.

You run no risk in permitting our representative's investigation; and his suggestions may prove helpful, whether you buy or not.

What the Multigraph Is And How it's Operated

THE Multigraph is a rapid rotary printing-machine and multiple typewriter combined in one handy office-device.

It occupies about the floor-space of the average typewriter-desk, and can easily be operated by your own employees.

As a printing-machine it does real printer's printing at 25% to 75% less than printer's prices. It prints from its initial equipment of typewriter or Gothic type, from special handset type, or from electrotypes that reproduce any size or face of type desired, besides line-cuts, borders and ornaments.

As a multiple typewriter it turns out as many form letters in an hour as a stenographer could pound out in a month on an ordinary typewriter. Every sheet is a perfect specimen of actual typewriting, ready for the name and address to be accurately matched in if you so desire. Type-setting is semi-automatic.

Driven by hand or electricity, and fed by hand or automatically, the Multigraph prints and typewrites at the rate of 1200 to 5000 sheets an hour.

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DATA concerning special applications of the Multigraph to a wide range of vocations is on file in our office. If you occupy an executive position in any business among the vocations represented, we shall be glad to prepare and present upon request, without obligation upon your part, very definite information of how you can get business or save money with the Multigraph.

To business executives we shall also be glad to send "More Profit with the Multigraph"—a descriptive booklet that is in itself a good example of Multigraph printing—or a booklet that describes the Universal Folding-Machine, which saves time and money in folding letters, circulars and booklets. Write today, upon your business letter-head, and specify which literature you wish.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Executive Offices and Factory,

Cleveland

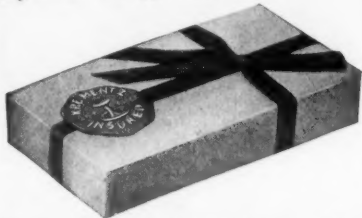
1818 East 40th Street

BRANCH OFFICES: Where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Atlanta; Baltimore; Berlin, Germany; Birmingham; Boston; Buffalo; Chicago; Cincinnati; Cleveland; Columbus; Dallas; Denver; Des Moines; Detroit; Hartford; Houston; Indianapolis; Jacksonville, Fla.; Kansas City, Mo.; Los Angeles; Memphis; Milwaukee; Minneapolis; Montreal; Nashville; Newark; New Orleans; New York City; Oklahoma City; Omaha; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; Portland, Ore.; Providence; Richmond; Rochester; Salt Lake City; San Francisco; Seattle; Spokane; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis; Toledo; Toronto; Vancouver; Washington; Winnipeg.

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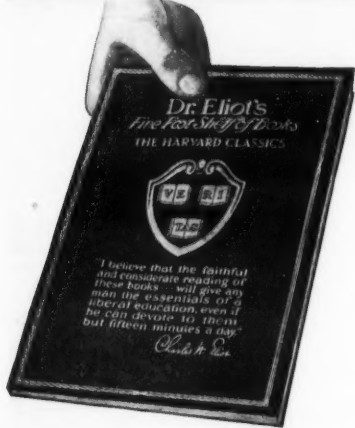
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11-25-11
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416 West 13th Street, New York

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Collier's



Saturday, November 25, 1911

Cover Design	Drawn by Franklin Booth	
A Protector of American Interests in China	Drawn by Thornton Oakley	8
Editorials		9
What the World Is Doing—A Pictorial Record of Current Events		11
The Presidential Primary	Mark Sullivan	14
The Encouragement to Kill!	Carl Snyder	15
Melvin Vaniman, Aerial Adventurer	Isaac Russell	17
The Visit of Mme. Simone	Arthur Ruhl	17
The Soul Trapper	James Francis Dwyer	18
The Reshuffle in Africa	E. Alexander Powell	20
The Healing	Leonard Hatch	22
A Blessing	Rt. Rev. Thomas S. Byrne, Bishop of Nashville	28
The Average Man's Money		30

VOLUME XLVIII

NUMBER 10

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. For sale by Saarbach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daw's, 17 Green St., Leicester Square, London, W. C. Copyright 1911 by P. F. Collier & Son. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyrighted in Great Britain and the British possessions, including Canada. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter special issues, 25 cents.

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MILKWEED CREAM is just smoothed gently into the skin with the finger tips, in the morning and before retiring. Vigorous rubbing, which tends to loosen the skin and cause wrinkles, is unnecessary.

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MILKWEED CREAM sells for 50c per jar at your druggists or direct mail.

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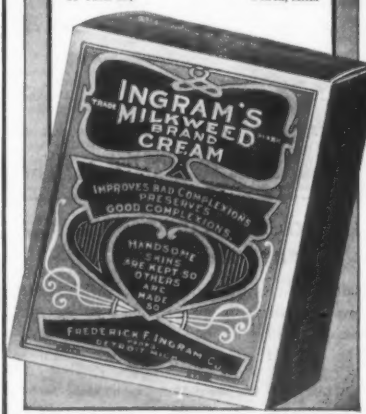
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BRICKBATS & BOUQUETS

Collier had an aeroplane accident. The "interests," no doubt, caused it.
—Olympia (Wash.) *Olympian*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is after Postmaster-General Hitchcock because he discriminates in sending magazines through the mail. We fear that when the department takes up the weeklies something may happen to COLLIER'S.

—Birmingham (Ala.) *Ledger*.

FREMONT, OHIO.

By official action to-day of the Colonel George Croghan Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, membership one hundred, I am authorized to express to you the Chapter's disapproval of your course in opening your columns to the Mormon cause. The Mormon religion, with its consequent polygamy, should be suppressed. Sincerely yours,

OLGA SMITH WALTERS, Sec'y.

NOVEMBER 2, 1911.

MRS. JOHN F. WALTERS,
1028 Garrison Street, Fremont, Ohio.
MY DEAR MADAM—I beg to acknowledge yours of the 30th, and regret the view taken by the Chapter.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that we disapprove of polygamy, but your proposition that the Mormon "religion" should therefore be suppressed seems to us to reflect the view of those who have not studied Mormonism very closely. Polygamy is not only a minor part of the system, but it is a rapidly decreasing part. "Suppressing" a religion is a very delicate matter to undertake in a free country—though, of course, it is right and proper to suppress illegal acts, whether they are done in the guise of religion or not.

Yours sincerely, NORMAN HAPGOOD.

When the Portland "Oregonian" speaks of COLLIER'S, which has done yeoman service for the exploited masses, as that "ignorant, muckraking weekly," we know just where the "Oregonian" stands on a great many questions.

—Vancouver (B. C.) *World*.

COLLIER'S pretty generally avoids catering to the predatory rich, and we think they might just as well make it unanimous by never breaking over.

—McConnellsville (Ohio) *Democrat*.

TONAWANDA, N. Y.

In all my experience with COLLIER'S, I have found it to be eminently fair on all public questions and in the forefront of all movements for the public good. When you pound the men who make public office a plaything or something to give them what it can, there are a great many of "us common people" back of you. Of course, I disagree with you about Uncle Jim Wilson, as I think he knows the state of agricultural affairs better than anyone else in the country, and I think that qualification outbalances his shortcomings.

A. F. GILLIE.

COLLIER'S optimistically prognosticates the more or less rapid advance of honesty in business—especially in big business.

—Loveland (Colo.) *Herald*.

COLLIER'S well calls Woodrow Wilson the living voice, for more than any other man to-day does he voice the mind of the nation, its hopes, its aspirations, its newer ideas of justice.

—Pensacola (Fla.) *Journal*.

PASCO, WASH.

We, the undersigned, see by your issue of October 28 that Ishi, the uncivilized Indian, is at present in need of a position. We respectfully suggest that you use your influence with President Taft to have Ishi appointed Postmaster General in lieu of Frankie, the present (encumbrance).

Ishi would, at least, use what intelligence he has to serve the people who pay him, and not use his authority to play "peanut politics."

W. B. McCANN,
JOSEPH SHEA.

ATLANTA, GA.

Your recent editorial on the relative ability of the baseball managers of to-day and those of the long ago was quite interesting, and your espousal of the cause of Hanlon was very good, both in thought

and composition. Hanlon possessed a nimble brain and tireless energy. He was, I think, the first manager who clearly understood the real science of baseball and the necessity for brains as well as physical prowess. Hanlon's masterly methods revolutionized the art, and Mack, Chance, Jennings, and McGraw inherited and perfected the system originated by Hanlon. Jennings possesses baseball sense to a high degree, and McGraw, in my estimation, is the most overrated man in the big leagues to-day. He was a very good baseball player under Hanlon, and as a manager has been successful in a sense; but his inordinate vanity, pugnacious personality, and great love for trickery have handicapped rather than helped the New York team. Mathewson is worth more to the New York Giants than a dozen McGraws.

I think that Cornelius McGillicuddy and Frank Chance are the greatest baseball managers ever developed in the game, and that both are far superior to Hanlon.

CHARLES A. LAMAR.

Cosgrave is that perfect blend of newspaper man and literary person which the modern popular magazine requires. He knows good writing, but he also knows a good story. He understands news in the national sense, and understands how to get it. Those who know him best suspect that the administrative desk at COLLIER'S fits his talents better than anything else he has tried.

—New York Editor and Publisher.

In a suit for libel begun by William Randolph Hearst against COLLIER'S for publishing an article by Will Irwin, stating that theatrical managers paying \$1,000 for a page advertisement in a Hearst paper at New York would be given the benefit of an editorial by Arthur Brisbane, COLLIER'S answered on the 19th to the effect, as reported by newspaper dispatches, that the alleged libelous statement is true.

—Chicago (Ill.) *Public*.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.

I believe you have done more to bring about better conditions, politically and socially, in this great Republic of ours, than any other two periodicals in the United States of America.

GEO. B. WILCOX.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

The writer is very pleased to note the campaign you are now running in your weekly paper against impure foodstuffs, and has not the least doubt but what the public in general appreciates the information you are giving them through this medium.

In one of the editorial paragraphs you mention the roller towel will likely be the next disease carrier to be abolished. It is the writer's opinion that this roller towel should have been given much more publicity than any other article exposed for public use. Through your efforts and publicity given the drinking cup, this has been abolished in a number of the States and caused generally a sanitary wave over the country. The same efforts and space given to the dirty roller towel would work wonders in favor of the traveling public, also to the employees in factories, where so many are compelled to use the same towel.

Trusting you will be the people's champion in endeavoring to abolish this towel, and thanking you for your attention, believe me,

E. MARTIN.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

That there should be any "brickbats" among your "bouquets" is a sad reflection upon a people who unloaded His Majesty's tea in Boston Harbor, freed three million slaves, and who are now in the tightening grasp of organized predatory wealth.

REV. J. M. CROMER.

COLLIER'S, of course, we count among the indispensable. And the return to COLLIER'S pages of Mark Sullivan's comments upon politics we note simply to emphasize our appreciation of the publication which we wish every American could read each week, no matter how much we may differ about details of action in the progressive movement to which COLLIER'S and the "North American" are alike committed.

—Philadelphia (Pa.) *North American*.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT



2164 \$75. 2306 \$60.
\$30. 2187 \$35. 2159 \$50.
2113 \$50.

20% DOWN - 10% PER MONTH

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. 10% discount for cash. Send now for catalogue No. 24.

Established 1843.

J. M. LYON & CO.
71-73 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

Holland House

Under Management that has Long Catered to the Demands of Discriminating Visitors.

THE HOLLAND HOUSE

enjoys a unique distinction among exclusive and democratic travellers from all parts of the union. Its


COMFORTS AND LUXURIES appeal to the requirements of each individual

The rooms, single or en suite, with or without bath, are as well attended, arranged and patronized as the Royal suite, which is always in demand.

The grill, public dining room, and the cozy saloon reserved exclusively for ladies, set New York's standard in epicurean art.

Conveniently located near railway terminals, subway and elevated stations, theatres, shopping centres, and commercial districts.


THE HOLLAND HOUSE
5th Ave. & 30th St.



Do You Like to Draw?

That's all we want to know. Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Now we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plans, and let us explain.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
314 Kingmoore Bldg., Cleveland, O.



Foy's Big Book MONEY IN POULTRY

Tells how to start small and grow big. Describes world's largest pure-bred poultry farm and gives a great mass of useful poultry information. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators. Mailed 4c.

F. FOY, BOX 24, DES MOINES, IA.

PATENTS

Send us 8c. stamps for new 128-page book of Vital Interest to Inventors.

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist's Double Throat. Play out of mouth, always interesting and mystify your friends. Sing like a canary, whistle like a sputter, laugh like a horse, and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents. 4 for 35 cents or 12 for 90 cents.

Double Throat Co., Dept. J, Frenchtown, N. J.

PATENTS


Write, Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence
602 F. Street Washington, D. C.

Established Fifty years—Useful Booklet FREE

BIG MONEY FOR YOU

Selling our metallic letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Nice, pleasant business. Big demand. Write today for free sample and full particulars.

METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 418 North Clark Street, Chicago

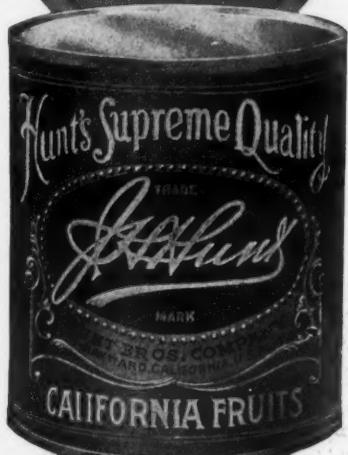


Character Make Up

like cut consisting of Wig, Slender Whiskers, Grease Paint, Wax Nose, and Clay Pipe for \$1. Send three 2c stamps for large catalog of Plays, Wigs and Make Up Material and "The Art of Making Up."

B. TRADEMORE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

There's no
lie on the label
There's no LYE
in the can



The kind
that is not
lye-peeled

This Season's Pack is now ready
Sold by good grocers everywhere

"Hunt for Hunt's"
They're worth looking for.

Join our TRADE MARK COLLECTING CONTEST
100 free trips to CALIFORNIA
and \$10,000 in cash prizes
Write at once for particulars

HUNT BROS. CO. 112 Market Street
San Francisco, Cal.



S-T-E-L-L-I-T-E Table and Pocket Knives

Here you are offered for the first time Stellite knives in varied styles, made of that celebrated alloy, perfected after ten years of laboratory and working tests and which scientific journals and fellow-metalurgists agree marks a new era in small cutlery and articles de luxe.

Stellite has qualities of steel, silver and gold—yet Stellite is none of these. It is an alloy of two semi-rare metals and has such unique characteristics that it has been termed

A New Metal

Stellite combines the lustre of silver, the hardness of steel and the untarnishing qualities of gold. It contains neither iron nor steel—yet Stellite knives take an edge like that of the finest Damascus blade.

Pleasing Christmas Gifts

Stellite knives, both pocket knives and table knives, will be welcome Christmas gifts. The unique qualities of the metal will give added interest to Stellite knives as gifts and the beauty of these Stellite products is reflective of discriminating taste.

Stellite is the only other metal that cuts like steel; not only cuts, but wears like tempered steel. Its color and lustre are comparable to those of silver and it retains this beautiful color and lustre under all atmospheric conditions. Stellite knives cannot rust. Neither moisture nor acid affects Stellite.

Stellite table knives (regular dinner size) will be delivered anywhere in the United States, shipping charges prepaid and under my absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, for \$8 per set of six knives. Beautiful thin-model pearl handled pocket knives for ladies, two blades, \$2.25; Men's knife (upper illustration) three blades, \$3.00.

Remit money order or certified check and shipment will be made promptly, subject to your positive approval or money back. Address

ELWOOD HAYNES
112 Haynes Bldg., Kokomo, Ind.

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 46

ONE great reform brought about by advertising is the sale of goods in packages instead of in bulk.

And think what it means to every one of us in the way of cleanliness and wholesomeness!

Instead of having the grocer delve into a dusty box for none-too-fresh soda crackers, you get them in a clean, air-tight package.

Coffee comes to you in a sealed carton, instead of being taken out of an uncovered can on the grocer's shelf. Oatmeal and other cereals are obtainable in packages under various labels. Such generally used foods as loaf sugar and prunes are now branded and put up in packages.

Even a few articles for personal use, such as wash cloths and handkerchiefs, reach you with seal unbroken. And you know how many other articles you buy every day in this form.

It is one of the greatest, one of the most important, of protections. And advertising—the trade-mark idea—is responsible for it.

F. B. Patterson.

Manager Advertising Department

WHEN MAKING A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Travel
by way of

Denver & Rio Grande — Western Pacific "The Royal Gorge - Feather River Canon Route"

Acknowledged to be the Scenic Line par excellence of All America

All Excursion Round Trip Tickets to the Pacific Coast are good going one route and returning another.

Travelers should not miss the opportunity to journey in one direction at least via Denver & Rio Grande and Western Pacific.

Through Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars Chicago and St. Louis to San Francisco and Los Angeles Every Day in the Year.

For illustrated descriptive pamphlets, write:
Frank A. Wadleigh, General Passenger Agent
Denver & Rio Grande Railroad
Denver, Colorado



IN using Minute Gelatine (plain) there is the satisfaction derived from its being so easily prepared, and so delicious, also the comfort of the knowledge that you are eating something that is absolutely pure, thoroughly wholesome. In Collier's for September 2d, Minute Gelatine was one of the articles referred to under the heading, "Here are foods that are pure."

Minute Gelatine

could not win such approval unless it was deserved. Minute Gelatine complies with all Pure Food Laws, State and National, and is without question the finest gelatine preparation on the market.

Sample Free, enough to make this
Coffee Jelly

Place one envelope Minute Gelatine (plain), half cup of sugar, pinch of salt in pint cup, fill cup (gradually) with boiling coffee, stirring constantly, and continue stirring until dissolved. Drain into mold and set to cool. Serve with cream and sugar.

Four envelopes of Gelatine in each package; each envelope makes one pint of dessert. Whole package makes one-half gallon.

The Boy Scout Book recently published by us, should be read by all parents. The Boy Scout movement is one of the best things for boys ever started, and your boy should be in it. This is the authorized Boy Scout Book explaining everything, sent post-paid for 10c.

Send your grocer's name for above Free Sample and the Minuteman Cook Book.

MINUTE TAPIOCA CO.,
211 West Main St., Orange, Mass.

Our Grandfathers

Used it nearly Eighty Years ago,
as a keen relish for many a dish.



LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Is known in Every Country. It adds just the savor needed for Soups, Fish, Roasts, Steaks, Gravies, Salads and Chafing Dish Cooking.

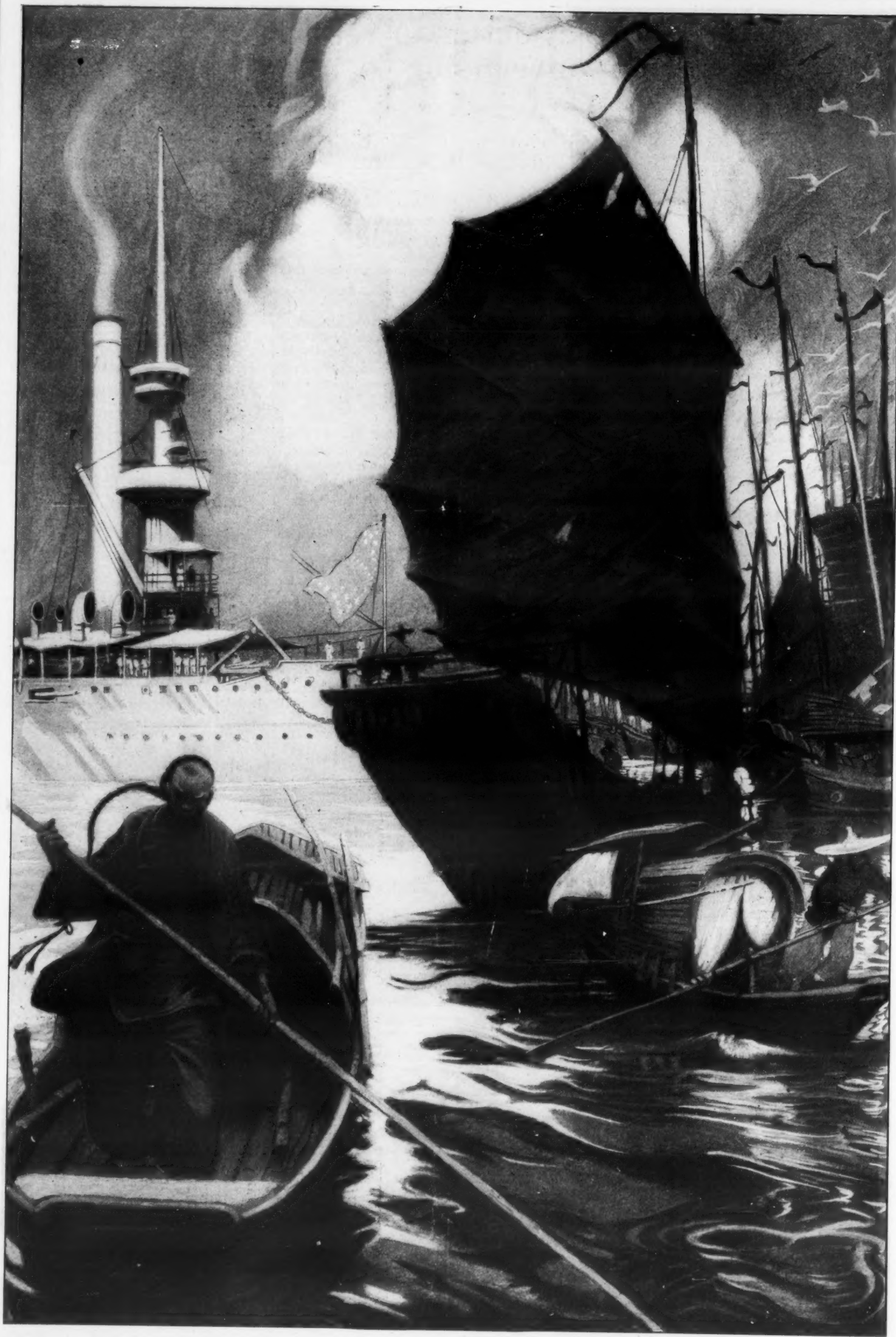
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.



Only
40 Cents

Anti-Nicotine Calabash Pipe

THIS splendid Calabash is modeled on the lines of the original African Calabash. I have placed in it my famous Anti-Nicotine Bowl, made of a clay-like material which absorbs the nicotine and uses it to color the pipe like the finest Meerschaum. You do not have to "break in" this pipe. There are no vile fumes. It is always sweet, clean, dry. With German Silver mountings, 40 cents each, three for a dollar, sent prepaid anywhere with a copy of our fine catalog of smokers' articles. Send today. Money back if not satisfied.
H. Hengge, The Smoker's Friend, 108 Hengge Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



A Protector of American Interests in China,—the U. S. S. Helena in the Harbor of Hankow

DRAWN BY THORNTON OAKLEY



Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

Vol. xlviii, No. 10

November 25, 1911

German Standards

THE SUPERIORITY OF GERMANY, in matters of public health, has just been shown in the startling success of the hygienic exhibition at Berlin. In front of the building called "Der Mensch," or "Man," the crowds were so great that they had to be kept in check and groups of fifty admitted at a time. The United States was the only leading country whose Government did not take enough interest to be represented. The Japanese Government sent fifty men, and intends in their exhibition in 1917 to surpass the Germans. San Francisco in her exposition in 1915 really ought to have a model hygienic exhibition. The people of California are extremely interested and will cooperate enthusiastically. We do not think there will be any serious drawback in the opposition of certain organizations, like the League for Medical Freedom, which are founded on lack of information in the rank and file, combined with personal interest in a few leaders. Another concrete opportunity for the United States to go ahead will be taken if our citizens see that the National Legislature at Washington this coming winter founds a National Health Department, *which was promised to the country both by the Republicans and by the Democrats in their platforms before the last Presidential campaign.* Of course, some great administrator must have planned this German exhibition, in order that it should go through without a single error, and be the actual pecuniary success that it was, but behind such an administrator stood the active interest of every professor in Germany. On the other hand, although the Germans are more intelligent at the top, our people in general have a more active interest than the German populace. Heretofore crude organizations of patent medicine men, and other collections of either cranks or grafters, have fed upon the popular interest, whereas the governments of State and nation, while they have done something, have certainly not done everything that highly progressive governments could do, to make use of the genuine and widespread public attention. The reason that the German exhibition so fascinated the people was, that it presented to the eye, with singular vividness, every important principle in physiology. The wax models were so good they could scarcely be distinguished from the living body. A mother visiting the exhibition carried away with her, stamped sharply upon her brain, impressions that would make a disease, when it really arrived, a visual reality. The throat in diphtheria, for instance, is hardly to be mistaken, once seen, and the fact that a woman had visited this exhibition would make her much more likely in the future to be able to call a physician at the right time. In another room was a woman in bed suffering with the plague, the face, tongue, etc., showing the symptoms, and around the room a series of microscopes giving the details, so that when the spectator left that room the plague would not be a mere word to him, but something not to be forgotten. About four million people saw the exhibition, and carried its lessons into perhaps two million German homes.

A Useful Step

THE SOCIALIST ADMINISTRATION of Butte, Montana, sought to compel the messenger and telegraph companies of that city to obey a dead ordinance, passed years ago, prohibiting minors and messenger boys under eighteen years from being sent into brothels in the restricted district of the city. The post-office officials complied with the request and put a grown man on the special delivery route in that part of the city. One of the messenger companies refused. It procured an injunction from the district court restraining the city administration from interfering with its "business." An appeal has been taken by the city to the Supreme Court of the State. Here is a reform which ought to be put into effective force in every city in the Union. For mere business sense and profitable morality the Socialists not infrequently set the pace.

The Trend

THE GAINS OF SOCIALISM were almost the most notable features of this month's election—"almost," because the general gain in non-partisan intelligence was the really dominating feature. The victory of BLANKENBURG in Philadelphia could not have happened a few years ago. The overthrow of COX in Cincinnati, supported as he was by President TAFT, is a most vivid sign of the times. Cleveland and Toledo represented the general reform ideas of to-day. The Democrats were fortunate enough to have the New York Assembly taken away from them and thus get this year, instead of next, the punishment

which DIX and MURPHY have been earning. The gains of the Socialists were in large part related to this general desire to rebuke the evils of machine government. The Socialists are seen as a progressive party, working for the welfare of the taxpayer, in contrast to the old-fashioned machines which prey upon the taxpayer. Much attention has been aroused by the fact that JOB HARRIMAN, one of the attorneys for the McNAMARAS, polled the largest number of votes at the primary election on November 1 for the mayoralty of Los Angeles. Five former ministers of the Gospel made platform campaigns for HARRIMAN. When President TAFT visited Los Angeles, along the entire line of march there was cheering but twice, once by a band of school children under ten years of age and again by a crowd of law students who had rehearsed their cheering in advance. To what extent dissatisfaction shall mean Socialism depends largely on the intelligence of the progressive leaders of the two large parties. With TAFT and a Bourbon Democrat running in 1912, the Socialist vote will be immense. With candidates of the nature of LA FOLLETTE and WILSON it would be much less. The writer of this editorial is certainly not a Socialist, and yet at the recent election, in voting for judges, he chose one Republican, two Democrats, and two Socialists.

A Straw

A YOUNG SOUTHERNER, finding himself some years ago with a comfortable fortune from his forbears and also a degree from the Boston Institute of Technology, cast about for some useful means to employ both. He recalled that his home town was a backward Southern village, still scarred from the hardships of the War; that it was without street cars and electric lights, while a river affording ample sites for power plants ran close by. He decided to invest his fortune and his engineering skill at home. When his power plant was almost done he had to borrow money on bonds. Then he began to find out a few things. The machinery became strangely delayed in shipment. His bonds went up in price without visible cause, and it was evident that some one was a heavy buyer. Bankers who smiled on first hearing of his assets would suddenly chill. A year ago, after five years of skillful maneuvering, the fingers of those who wanted the power plant closed upon it, and the young builder was left with a firm conviction that the grip of Big Business over Big Money in this country is a thing sadly real. In 1904 he was ardently for ROOSEVELT, in 1908 for TAFT. The other day he made a special trip to New Jersey to pledge to WOODROW WILSON all of the time he could spare, and all of the resources he could raise, because of Governor WILSON's opinions on the money trust and also because of confidence in the Governor's ability to help to shake its grip.

New Jersey

READING THE FUTURE in detail is not our province. Since the election conjectures have been numerous that WOODROW WILSON's strength as a Presidential possibility will be lessened by his setback at the hands of the Smith machine. Possibly. Popular psychology is uncertain, and nowhere more so than in New Jersey. There is in truth only one Insurgent State east of the Alleghenies—New Hampshire. New Jersey has been so long dominated by corporations and their political machines that reform is only a rare indulgence. The Colby "new idea" party stirred New Jersey for a time, and then it slid back. The Smith crowd had the inertia of the State to help it. WILSON has been fighting against the State's natural grain. The rest of the United States may blame him for his setback, or it may like him the better for the vindictive slaughter by his own party's mercenaries. We have no one candidate in either party. What we do say, however, is that the Democrats will commit their traditional folly if they nominate a mere agitator, on the one hand, or a puppet of the plutocracy on the other. *Somebody* they should select who, as Governor WILSON said of himself, seeks radical results by conservative means; in other words, a radical who is critical and well-balanced.

What Is News?

PATENT-MEDICINE VENDERS, we regret to admit, are showing that more life was left in them at the end of our elaborate crusade some years ago. Orangeine is advertising, likewise Peruna, and many others. Probably we ought to begin another crusade. Perhaps we shall. One patent-medicine claim, treated as news, has just been run in amusing juxtaposition to other "news." In the Manchester "Union" is a

dispatch that a certain citizen of Newport, New Hampshire, is dead. That may be true. Above it, in the same column, is a lot of talk about COLLIER'S and the New Hampshire Progressives that we know to be drivel. For instance: "You gave your plighted faith to ROSECRANS W. PILLSBURY." The Senatorship? Between these two bits of "news," one probably true, the other idiotic, comes information about Hall's Catarrh Cure not marked advertising. It includes an affidavit that the manufacturers will pay the sum of \$100 for "each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure." As no case can be so cured, Mr. PILLSBURY is doing the citizens of his State a service in letting them know about the \$100, if they can collect. We never heard of any of these patent-medicine offers being paid to any living soul. Is Mr. PILLSBURY wise to publish patent-medicine advertisements, especially mixed in with news? Does it not throw even more doubt on his dozey stories about the Governor editing COLLIER'S and the wicked Progressives running dreadfully amuck?

This Cheery World

OUR MAIL is not always dull. It contains, for instance, a letter from a "doctor" in Fort Wayne, Indiana, offering to cure us, by long-distance guess, if we are ill, whether of epilepsy, goiter, catarrh, Bright's disease, consumption, or paralysis; and if we are one of the first ten thousand applicants the cure is to be without charge, even postage paid. His letter begins "Dear friend"; how full the universe is of bargains and benevolence! Here is another in the mail from "Captain" WALTER I. RAND of Boston, who offers to sell lucky stones, and asks modestly: "Is it your desire to have everything come your way?" Yes, Cap, it surely is. A cheery place, the world!

Ways That Are Dark

A FAVORITE TRICK of the patent-medicine fakers is printing in the newspapers testimonials with photographs and addresses. Usually, even when these addresses exist, one calling at the number cannot find any person of the name mentioned. A modification of this principle is pointed out to us in a letter from a woman living in the State of Washington, who is naturally outraged at finding her picture used, with a changed name, in support of one of the heaviest advertising and fakiest concerns. Usually the more absurd the medicine the stronger it is on testimonials. It is becoming a little harder, however, to secure them. Danderine, in offering to prove that it grew the enormous heads of hair that it pictures on signboards, no longer gives names and addresses. Peruna, in its ridiculous testimonials, used to include a good many ministers, but not as many bite of late.

A Break

SOMETIMES WE MAKE OURSELVES TIRED. Good intentions are well enough; literal accuracy is well enough; but unless an absolute and unlimited fairness results these things are as naught. Writing after Mr. PULITZER'S death, we hoped that the courage and originality which he showed in breaking down class barriers and making journalism a living force would be applied by his sons to raising advertising standards and increasing the accuracy of ordinary news. As an example of the last point we cited the decoration to which a recent crime had been treated in the "Evening World." What we said was true, and it was also true that the "Evening World" leads in the race for "hot" details; but nevertheless had we known that some of the most conservative journals did some hasty dramatizing on the same case, we might have discussed the general question, but we certainly should not have singled out one paper. Our wish to have the Pulitzer sons take up a great work would have had a different illustration.

One Way of Doing It

AN OLD STATUTE has been unearthed by the Cincinnati "Enquirer" and applied to present conditions. If the law to-day were what it used to be in the early days of Kentucky and were carried out, we might see Wall Street dotted with men who had lost their ears for conspiring to restrain trade. A statute of some three hundred and sixty-three years ago, which was intended to put a stop to the meat trust, the brewers' trust, the bread trust, and the fruit trust of those days, makes the Sherman Act look gentle. This statute became law in Virginia, and therefore in Kentucky when Kentucky was formed out of Virginia. It is fair to point out that the statute of EDWARD VI also went after any laborers who got together to keep up wages or limit the hours of work, so that it was markedly in opposition to the beliefs of our own day. Moreover, we violate no confidence in saying that it was enforced more violently against the laborers than against the dealers who kept up prices. Kentucky, it may be well to add, has since repealed the act.

Oratory and Fact

THESE WORDS CAME, during the recent Massachusetts campaign, from the satire foundry of the Boston "Transcript":

The hall was hung with reproductions of stock certificates; . . . at the rear was the stereopticon for throwing on the screen tables of figures and stock quotations. . . . Beginning with a detailed statement of the earnings and capitalization of the New England Headless Tack Company, the candidate made a bitter attack on the methods of the Soleless Shoe Corporation.

"Our fathers," the "Transcript" concludes, with a note of sad sincerity, "were content to listen to oratory and discussions of principles." Apparently something that has been vital in Middle Western politics for

a dozen years has only recently reached Massachusetts. When a Middle Western newspaper wants to be facetious about political speeches, it is just the regretted "oratory" that it burlesques. They picture the Honorable LYSANDER J. APPLEJACK, one hand in the breast of his flowing frock coat, the other pointing toward Heaven, while he apostrophizes the starry flag, the heroes of '76, General GRANT, the Plumed Knight, and the Grand Old Party. The new order of political speakers in the Middle West have noticed the hunger of the present generation of voters for facts. LA FOLLETTE has probably addressed more audiences with greater effectiveness than any other politician of the present time; nine-tenths of the subject matter of his speeches consists of statistics and roll calls from the Congressional Record and facts about freight rates and tariffs supplied to him by the Economics Department of the University of Wisconsin.

Now and Later

INFANT MORTALITY is a heavy drain on the whole race, and especially on the women. In Chicago last week the subject was discussed by experts. The milk supply was one of the most important aspects considered, and one of the easiest to remedy. Housing, flies, and ventilation are also matters in which vast improvement can be made at once by mere energy and intelligence. As an example of improvements that must by their nature be more slow in coming may be mentioned the conquest of the alcohol habit, the diffusion of intelligent ideas regarding sex, and the introduction of eugenic standards in marriage. Some of the improvements discussed at Chicago may be rapid, some slow. All must come.

A Scale Maker's Fight

NEARLY TEN YEARS AGO a certain man bought the patents of a computing scale, formed a company, and prepared to make and sell. The computing scale—which announces not merely the weight but also the price of the commodity—is an excellent modern business device. It protects the customer and the dealer—when honestly made and used. When this man began to investigate the market, he found that the ideal conditions for competition—a fair field and no favor—did not exist. The company already in the business was selling computing scales on the argument that they would help the dealer to steal from the consumer three per cent or more of the commodity purchased. They were recommended by sales agents as cheating devices, and were so advertised in circulars to dealers. The man new to the business could choose between making and selling crooked scales, and thus meeting the first manufacturer on his own ground, or making honest scales and educating dealer and consumer. In no State did he find a law which could be invoked to curb the sale of the cheating scale. When he tried to get such laws passed he met opposition as strong as money and influence could raise. When a law was secured he found it a long struggle to get it enforced. He was sued by the maker of the crooked scales for infringement of patents and for libel in various courts. Injunctions to restrain him from circulating facsimile reproductions of advertising material put out by the maker of the tricky scale were obtained in the lower courts, only to be dissolved by the higher courts. What has been the result? In six States the tricky scales are barred, and their manufacture has ceased. There remains the task of getting laws passed in the other States, but that will be accomplished with increasing ease.

A One-Time View

THE SEASON IS HERE when editorial after editorial will be printed on the question of whether or not football is brutal. Mr. PHILIP STUBBES wrote a book called "The Anatomie of Abuses," which was published in London in 1583. This citation is from pages 184-5:

For as concerning football playing, I protest unto you it may rather be called a freendly kinde of fight, then a play or recreation; a bloody and murthering practise, then a felowly sporte or pastime. For dooth not every one lye in waight for his adversarie, seeking to overthrowe him and to picke him on his nose? . . . sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometime their legs, sometime their armes; sometime one part thrust out of joynt, sometime an other; sometime the noses gush out with blood, sometime their eyes start out; and sometimes hurt in one place, sometimes in another. . . . And hereof groweth envie, malice, rancour, cholor, hatred, displeasure, enmitie, and what not els; and sometimes fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience dayly teacheth.

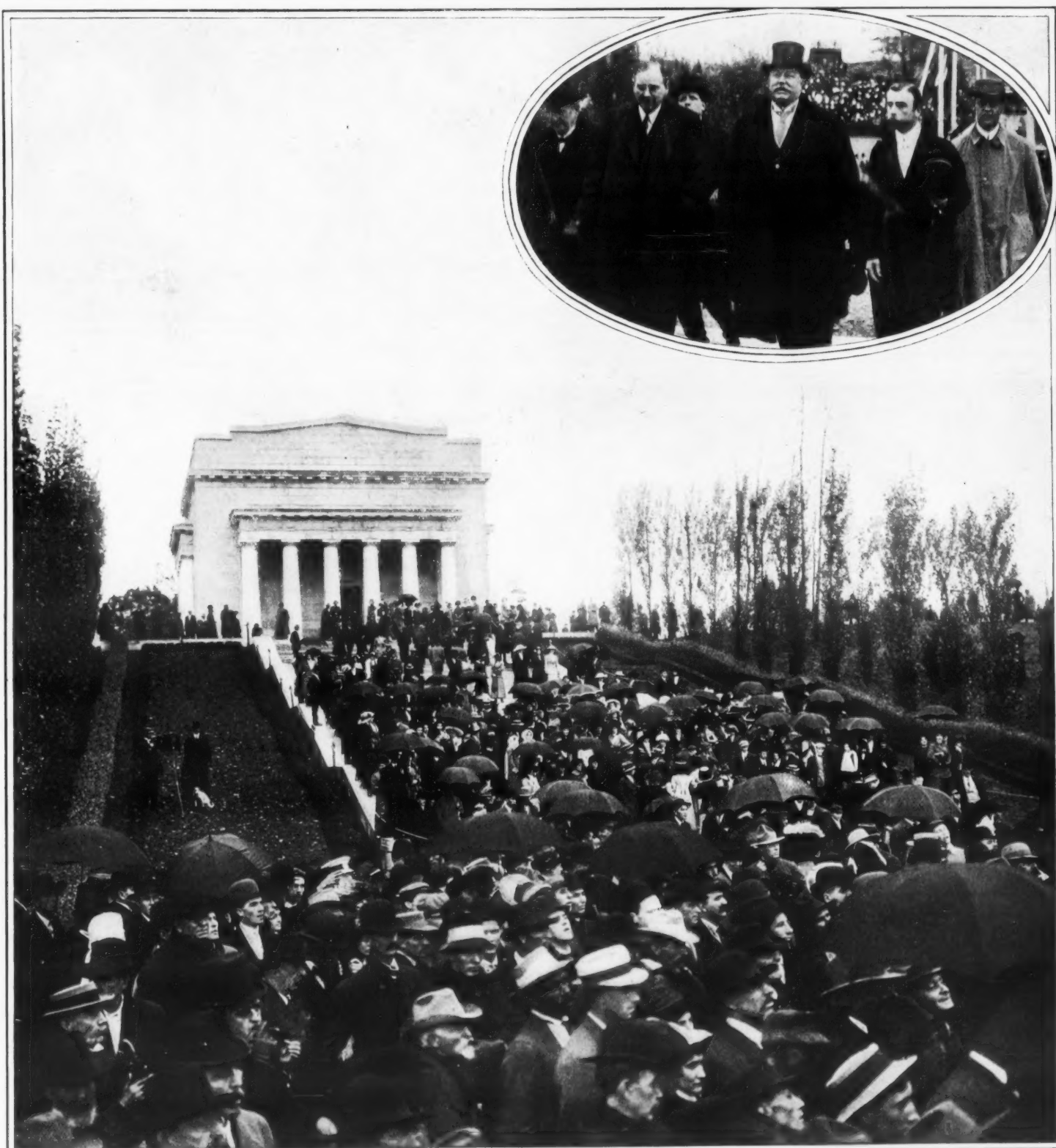
This was written in the time of ELIZABETH, and it ought to be taken into consideration that that was before the new rules were put into effect. Possibly the situation is not quite so bad to-day. Perhaps even for the conditions of his own time Mr. STUBBES was needlessly intense. Perhaps some of our own critics are also needlessly intense.

Alas!

IN DEAN BRIGGS'S latest volume, "Girls and Education," in which there are, as always, much wisdom and much entertainment, he tells of a student in the Harvard Graduate School who, at an examination on BROWNING, wrote: "EVELYN HOPE is the monologue of a mature man in the presence of a young lady's corpse." The false elegance of this sentence we concede, but for the substance we have a furtive respect. EVELYN HOPE was just sixteen when she died. The gentleman who monologued was forty-eight. It has always seemed to our too literal mind that something more impersonal or at least paternal might have been put into his head by the presence of so young a lady's corpse.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



The Lincoln Farm at Hodgenville, Kentucky, Becomes the Property of the Nation

On November 9 President Taft on behalf of the nation accepted the Memorial which enshrines the rude log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born. Over 20,000 Americans contributed amounts varying from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars to the fund for the erection of the Memorial, the average subscription being a little less than \$1.40. The cornerstone was laid by Theodore Roosevelt on the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth. In the insert is seen President Taft, with ex-Governor Joseph W. Folk of Missouri on his right and Clarence H. Mackay on his left, president and treasurer, respectively, of the Lincoln Farm Association, which collected the money for the Memorial

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



The First Jury of Women in the City of Los Angeles

Mrs. Nora Bayford was forewoman of the first jury of women in Los Angeles. The case was that of a young motorcycle rider who had been arrested for speeding



The Women of Los Angeles Waiting in Line to Register Outside the Courthouse

On the 10th of October four hundred thousand women in the State of California received the franchise. The campaign for woman suffrage in that State was the most spectacular that has been waged by the woman suffrage workers of America. Los Angeles was a storm center, and the women availed themselves of their new privilege by registering by the thousands for the local election early in December. The Woman's City Club has been formed to prepare for the duties of municipal housekeeping

The Enfranchised Women of California Exercising Their New Privileges

A RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



Taking Arab prisoners through the streets of Tripoli to a court-martial

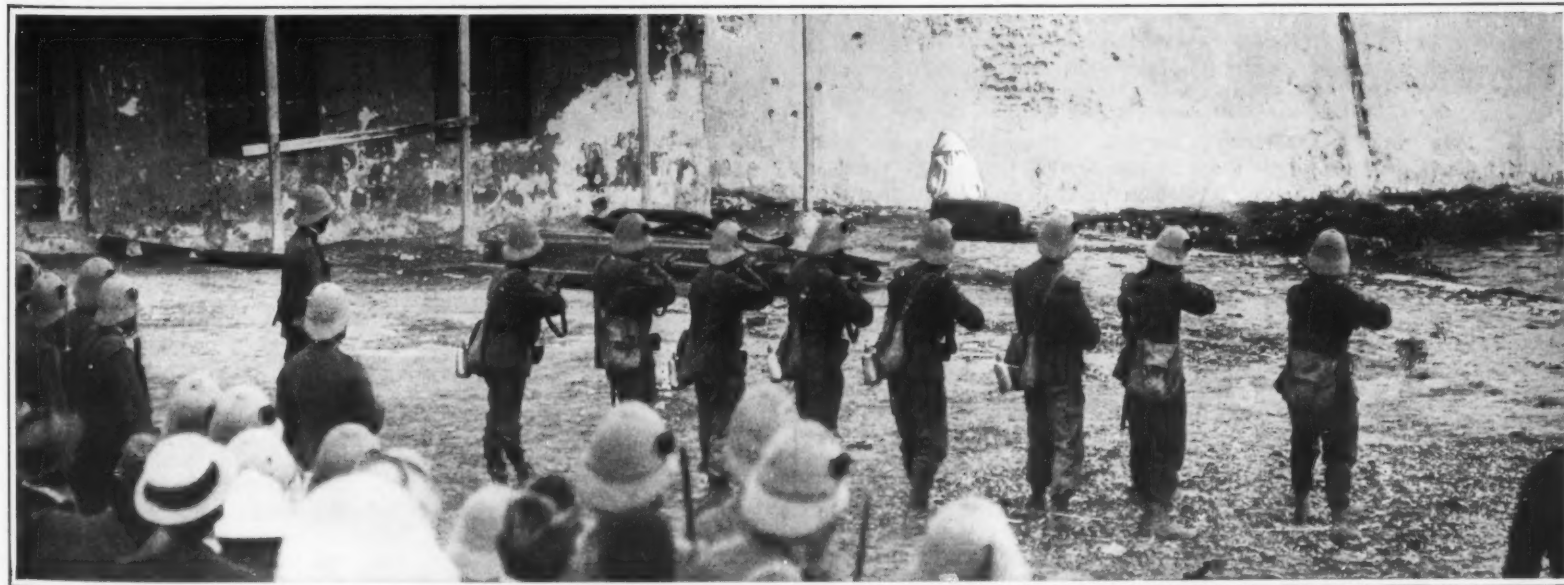


An open-air court-martial by Italian officers

MUCH space has recently been given in the press of England and America to the stories of atrocities alleged to have been perpetrated upon the Arabs by the Italian troops in Tripoli. The English in the Sudan, the French in south China, and the Americans in the Philippines have all been charged with deeds of cruelty in campaigns against the natives. It is no wonder that the troops of even civilized nations should occasionally take revenge for the inhuman treatment of their comrades. While the Italian troops were fighting in the trenches, the natives of Tripoli, both men and women, took the occasion to massacre scores of defenseless Italians, especially the sick and wounded, after having subjected them to inhuman torture and finally mutilating their bodies. Bennett Burleigh, who, as a newspaper correspondent, has been through every important war from 1870 until the present time, has cabled to the London "Telegraph" that in his opinion the conduct of the Italian troops "compared favorably with the temper of other troops that I have followed in wars against savages." The Arabs had murdered Red Cross nurses, and he says: "Soldiers of all armies become inflamed when they learn of atrocities wrought by the enemy in the mutilation of their comrades. This may be pleaded, if necessary—and it is an incontrovertible plea—in defense of the actions of the Italians." It is said that most of the stories accusing the Italians of cruelty have emanated from correspondents who had fallen under the displeasure of General Caneva. For the most part they have been reported by men who have little or no knowledge of actual warfare against savage races, and most of them have come from correspondents who, for some reason or other, have left Tripoli



Italian Soldiers Conducting Condemned Arabs into the Desert to be Executed
After the treacherous insurrection in Tripoli the suspected Arabs were executed in considerable numbers in an effort to quell the uprising



Italian soldiers executing an Arab alleged to have killed a wounded Italian soldier

Italy's Summary Punishment of Traitorous Arabs in Tripoli

The Presidential Primary

The Simple Meaning of This Heavy Phrase Is That the Presidential Nominees Next Year Shall Be Named by the People at the Polls, Not by Bosses in Back Rooms

By MARK SULLIVAN

These States already have the Presidential primary

As a formal statute:

New Jersey
Wisconsin
North Dakota
Oregon
Nebraska

Informally, or as a party rule:

Louisiana
South Dakota
Ohio

THE Presidential primary means just this: it gives you the right to go to the polls and say who the nominee of your party for President should be. It means that if you are a Republican you can go to the polls and say whether you want Taft, La Follette, Hughes, or some one else to be the Republican candidate for President; if you are a Democrat you shall have the privilege of choosing among Harmon,

Clark, Underwood, Wilson, Folk, or any other favorite you may have.

If you do not think you ought to have that right, this page, during the next few weeks, will not interest you—probably, indeed, it will irritate you.

The Wilson Followers

ARKANSAS was nearly the first State to adopt the direct primary for the choice of United States Senator. That was in 1902; in the intervening nine years practically every other State has adopted this extension of the people's power, and through it the Senate is being revolutionized. Naturally enough, Arkansas is not likely to lag in the adoption of the same system for naming Presidential nominees. The Woodrow Wilson Club of Little Rock has called upon the Democratic State Committee to adopt the Presidential primary. The supporters of Wilson everywhere seem to have complete confidence in the outcome of a direct appeal to the people; the Harmon people so far have shown a disposition to place more reliance on quiet conferences with local leaders. Any candidate will prejudice himself with a heavy handicap who delays too long in accepting the Presidential primary, which is the same thing as saying that *he does not want the nomination unless a majority of the voters want him to have it.*

Harmon

FROM the managing editor of the Mobile, Alabama, "Item":

... My reading of the Alabama papers assures me there is a movement in this State for a Presidential primary. Leading papers are urging it. ... The popular choice in this State, I believe, would be Underwood first and Wilson second; and it is a singular coincidence that those political leaders who desire the delegates to be named by a State convention rather than through primaries are declared Harmon advocates.

RICHARD HINES, JR.

Would it not be worth while for Governor Harmon to consider whether his followers, in their apparent opposition to the Presidential primary, are giving the public a truthful picture of his own position?

The La Follette Position

FROM the resolutions adopted by the Insurgent Conference at Chicago, October 16:

We favor the choice of Republican voters as to candidates for President by a direct primary vote, held in check, pursuant to the statute, and where no such statute exists, we urge that the Republican State Committee provide that the people be given the right to express their choice for President.

Will Some Standpatter Answer This?

IF THE voter is capable of choosing between Harmon and Taft (assuming them to be the two candidates), why is he not also capable of choosing between Harmon and Wilson? Between Taft and La Follette?

Massachusetts

EBEN S. DRAPER, Dr. Henry L. Shattuck, Dr. Charles H. Cook, and several other of our friends in Massachusetts have called COLLIER'S attention to the omission of their State from a list of those whose Legislatures will meet the coming winter. We since have printed the list correctly, and we shall not fail in giving Massachusetts what stimulus may come from iteration. For four months Massachusetts will have a Legislature in session, completely able to give the Presidential primary to the State; it has just reelected a Governor whose public promises have included all those principles of which the Presidential primary is typical. Between Massachusetts and the Presidential primary nothing stands except the inertia of the people.

¶ The Republican National Committee will meet in Washington seventeen days from the date of this paper, on December 12, to provide ways and means for nominating the Republican candidate for the Presidency. A resolution will be introduced recommending and providing for the Presidential primary throughout the nation. Do you know how the National Committeeman from your State will vote? Why not ask him?

Ohio Has a Tool

WALTER W. POLLOCK of Cleveland writes to say that while Ohio has not yet got the Presidential primary it has an available substitute in a statute which provides for the direct election of delegates to the national conventions. Obviously, the thing for the Ohio voter to do is to make every candidate for delegate declare what man he will vote for at the convention. Ohio is going to be an extremely interesting battle-ground next year; one result of this new primary law will be that neither of the two favorite sons, Taft and Harmon, will have solid delegations. The districts vote separately, and a district which favors La Follette or Wilson will be able so to instruct its delegate to the National Convention.

South Dakota

THE editor of the Sioux Falls "Daily Press," Mr. A. E. Beaumont, writes to say that a provision of South Dakota's admirable direct primary law permits the candidates for delegate to the national convention to be grouped as "Taft Delegates," "La Follette Delegates," "Harmon Delegates," "Wilson Delegates," and so on—a perfectly satisfactory equivalent for the Presidential primary.

Kansas

A SPECIAL session of the Kansas Legislature would be necessary to provide the Presidential primary for that State. A large section of public opinion demands this. It would be an anomaly in modern history if Kansas should be behind Nebraska, to say nothing of New Jersey, in the use of this instrument of the people's rule.

Pressure on a Standpat Governor

IN THE State of Washington the majority of the voters are Progressives and very earnestly for La Follette; the Governor, M. E. Hay, is a Standpatter and Taft man. The Progressives want Governor Hay to call a special session of the Legislature so that they can get the Presidential primary and so express themselves at the polls. The Governor says he will not call the special session and puts his refusal on the ground of public expense. All the Taft papers and Taft people are with Hay; on the other hand, the granges, labor organizations, and women's clubs are circulating petitions demanding the special session and the primary. The Progressive Republican League of King County (Seattle) is working hard; and on December 6 a State-wide conference of progressives of all parties will be held. One of the most capable judges in the State says that if Presidential primaries are held, Washington will favor La Follette as against Taft by four to one. This seems to be a case where the Taft followers are not only willing but eager to win the game by means of a stacked deck. Those persons who admire Taft most and best understand his higher qualities will be the last to believe that he would countenance what his followers in Washington are doing, and permit himself to be the beneficiary of a suppression of the opportunity for free choice.

An Enterprising County Chairman

THE northwestern corner of the United States, with British Columbia on the north and Vancouver Island across the Gulf of Georgia to the west, is called Whatcom County. It has a Republican Central Committee, and its chairman is W. P. Brown. Mr. Brown's position is this: if the State of Washington gives him a Presidential primary, well and good; if not, he is going to have one anyhow for his county. He and his committee have evolved a plan; he says it might not work in very large cities, but that it is perfectly practicable for Whatcom, with seventeen thousand voters. Doubtless Mr. Brown would be glad to explain his plan to any other county chairman who finds himself in the same position—that is to say, willing to hold the Presidential primary, but handicapped by the lack of a State statute. Mr. Brown's address is Bellingham, Washington, and such inquiring persons as write to him ought to enclose stamps.

In these States the Legislatures will meet the coming winter. In each of them the Presidential primary can be adopted if the people insist on it:

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New York
Virginia
Mississippi
South Carolina
Rhode Island
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The Encouragement to Kill!

The Proud Record held by the United States as the Most Murderous of the Nations

By CARL SNYDER

ONE of the strangest things in this world is that we can keep no sort of sense of proportion between facts. And here is an astonishing example:

The murderous proclivities of the people of the United States are simply a horror. And the administration of criminal law in this country is exactly what President Taft said of it: "A disgrace to our civilization."

Yet no one seems to mind.

The other day we were thrilled with indignation to read of the wanton massacre of the Arabs in Tripoli by the Italian troops. I suppose that literally thousands of columns have already been written about this single event.

Yet if this had meant the slaughter of one-half as many people as are shot down in cold blood every year in the United States, the civilized world would have risen to put an end to such atrocities.

Let us put it another way. Suppose you were to awake to-morrow morning and read that in New York or Chicago, or San Francisco, highwaymen and footpads had assassinated a hundred innocent citizens. The whole country would have clamored for an end to such a ghastly state of affairs. Yet the total number for the whole United States thus assassinated last year reached nearly one thousand victims, nearly three per day.

A Record

IN THE number of murders per million of population the United States stands first among the civilized nations. The average for the entire country is eight or ten times the average for the land from which we sprung—England.

These facts have long been known. If we could believe the figures of the Mortality Bureau of the United States Census, they have in the last few years been growing worse at an appalling rate.

Yet no one seems to care.

It is in no wise any matter of national concern. The Census Bureau, charged with almost an infinity of questions, does not find it worth while to keep such criminal statistics as are kept by every great nation in Europe.

It has been left for a newspaper—the Chicago "Tribune"—to keep the only record of crime, and especially murders, in the United States that pretends to anything like completeness.

These figures are confessedly a rough approximation. They have been attacked and sneered at on this ground. Yet a careful examination reveals incontestably that they are far superior to any figures furnished by the United States Government. A simple illustration suffices to make this clear.

The Chicago "Tribune's" compilations show that the number of murders was very high throughout the period of violence and disorder which followed the hard times of '93-'96, and that the number has tended somewhat lower ever since, though it is still frightful enough. This is what we might reasonably expect.

The figures of the Mortality Bureau for the Registration Area seem to show, as Mr. E. B. Phelps has recently set forth, that the rate per million in the five years from 1905 was double the average for the preceding five years. This is unmistakably absurd. It is wholly improbable that any such increase has taken place. Even the totals are probably quite inadequate. The Registration Area covers a little over half the entire population. If we suppose that the showing in this area is a fair average for the whole country, then the Government figures would indicate some five or six thousand murders in the United States each year in the last few years. This, so far as I can find, is a record unequalled by any people in the world where records are kept.

In Massachusetts

AND yet it is certain that these figures are far below the fact. This is clear from another simple comparison.

The crime and mortality statistics of Massachusetts are kept with exceptional care and are highly reliable. In Massachusetts in the last ten years (quoting Mr. Phelps's figures again), twenty-seven persons out of every million each year died by murder. This is only about two-thirds the showing for the Registration Area of the whole country and not half the showing for the last five years reported.

There is reason to believe that the rate for Massachusetts fairly represents the North Atlantic States. If then the average in the Registration Area was fifty-eight, it must mean that the murder rate for the rest of the Registration Area was far higher than this—seventy-five or one hundred—or more. The same considerations lead us to believe that the rate outside the Registration Area was higher than within it. For example, in one year, 224 murders were reported in the State of South Carolina alone. The larger part of these would be outside the Registration Area.

The murder rate among the rural population is higher than the city rate!



"For every hour of the day and night, for every day of the year, a murder is done in the United States!"

COPYRIGHT BY PICH BROS.

And this leads us to believe that the actual number of murders in the United States is far more than five or six thousand per year, and that the Chicago "Tribune's" figures are approximately correct.

Those figures showed last year a total of 8,975 deaths from murder. Consider for a moment what this means.

Suppose you possessed a very vivid imagination, and that you stood in front of a clock, sleepless, day after day: These figures mean that for every hour of the day and night which you heard the clock strike, you would know that some victim of a shotgun, a knife, a pistol or poison had been done to death in this country.

And the rest of this story is that out of these 8,975 murders, a little over one hundred were legally put to death. On the average, eighty-six out of eighty-seven escaped the gallows! Is it any wonder that we have the proud record of being the most murderous nation on earth?

Taking the Chicago "Tribune's" figures at their face value this means a murder rate in recent years of nearly one hundred per million. In point of fact, I think there is reason to think these figures may be below rather than above the reality; for the most obvious of reasons.

Murder Farms

THE other day in Chicago, a woman was arrested on suspicion of poisoning a man. She is now suspected of perhaps ten or eleven murders. These murders covered a series of years, and have just come to light. Only one of these could be debited against the present year. And this case recalls that of Mrs. Gunness, of the Indiana "murder farm," with an equally horrible list.

And again, here in the morning papers is a man arrested for a murder that was committed in 1879.

Consider the matter in another way. At Los Angeles two brothers are on trial for the murder of twenty-one men. It is the contention of the McNamara attorneys that the death of these men was caused by a gas explosion. This trial has already taken on the character of a long-drawn-out farce. After months have been spent in summoning a jury and the lawyers have wrangled over evidence—half of which will probably be perjury—the jury will disagree or the case will be appealed, and it will be several years after the event before the mere question has been determined as to whether this was murder or not—if indeed it be ever determined!

It is clear from all this that any figures, however carefully done, could be nothing more than the roughest approximations. On the other hand, it does not matter

if the Chicago "Tribune's" figures should be a thousand or even two thousand out of the way. It is improbable that they could be more, and even this would imply a murder rate for the whole of the United States of seventy or eighty per million. Compare this with the average for England and Wales of nine!

Before the Prison Reform Convention at Omaha, Judge DeCourcy of the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts quoted the following figures for 1896:—

Italy, less than 15 per million.
Canada, less than 13 per million.

Germany, less than 5 per million.

Great Britain, less than 9 per million.

Freeing the Guilty

CONTINUING, Judge DeCourcy said, "In New York City 119 cases of homicides were investigated by the Grand Jury during the last year and only 45 convictions resulted. Chicago reports 202 homicides were committed in that city during the last year. Only one of the offenders was hanged, 15 were sent to the penitentiary, and the others were set free."

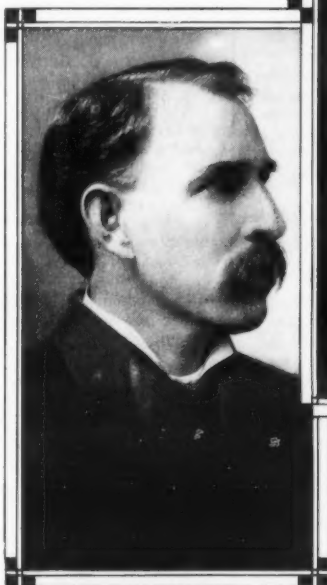
"In Louisville, Kentucky, with a population of 224,000 during the last year there were 47 cases of homicide, and not a single murderer was hanged."

And this brings us to the other side of this black picture—the almost utter breakdown of the law.

In other countries than the United States, it is possible to obtain some very definite figures as to the number of trials and convictions for murder. We have next to nothing. For the year 1904, however, the Census Bureau endeavored to make a sort of crime census, and the results, though very far from satisfactory, still shed a sufficiently vivid light upon the situation.

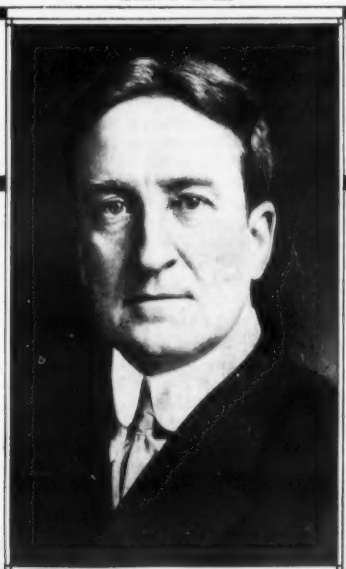
There were in that year incarcerated in the various prisons of the United States about 81,000 persons. Of these, about 10,700 had been convicted of murder.

No figures are obtainable as to the length of sentence which these prisoners would serve, so we are left to guess. The list must have included a large number sentenced for life, and who had already served for ten years or more. If we balance these against the still



Ex-Gov. W. S. Taylor of Kentucky

He pardoned Powers, accused of complicity in the murder of Governor-elect Goebel, before Powers had been tried or convicted



Gov. John A. Dix of New York
He pardoned Capt. Peter C. Hains, convicted of shooting Wm. E. Annis at the Bay Side Yacht Club, N. Y. Thornton J. Hains, tried for complicity in the same murder, had already been set free by the jury



Ex-Gov. M. R. Patterson of Tennessee

Whose pardon of the slayer of ex-Senator Carmack aroused such a storm of popular indignation as to drive him from public life

PROCLAMATION

¶ By the Police, the Courts, the Prosecuting Attorneys, the Juries, the Governors, and Pardon Boards of the U.S. To all citizens and wayfarers in the confines of the U.S.: Go forth and Kill, at your pleasure.

¶ The danger of arrest is relatively small. Of being placed on trial still less. Of conviction, slight. Of severe punishment, very slight. Of execution, almost nothing.

¶ Go forth and kill, and God have mercy on your soul! We will not hinder or annoy you more than a trilling regard for the Law and Human Safety compels us.

¶ For all sections of the U. S., A.D. 1911. Year of the Republic, 135
[N.B. The above does not apply to negroes, Italians or Poles, or the very poor, who have no money to hire our assistants and go-betweens, the criminal lawyers.]

larger number, who, like Captain Peter C. Hains are liberated at the end of two or three years, we shall perhaps not go very far wrong in assuming that the average term of those who had the misfortune to be convicted—in other words, who were poor and without powerful friends—was not far from ten years.

This would mean then that, roughly speaking, not one murderer in ten in the United States ever sees the inside of a penitentiary!

I think this is fairly borne out by the other figures obtained for the year 1904. In that year, the Chicago "Tribune's" figures indicated over 9,000 murders, and the Census Bureau reports for that year 2,444 persons committed for trial for murder. In that year there were 106 death sentences.

In other words, roughly speaking, not one murderer in four in the United States is ever brought to trial, and not one in twenty-five of those brought to trial receives a death sentence.

In race track parlance, then we may sum up the matter about as follows:

If you commit a murder, it is a better than 3 to 1 shot that you will never be brought to trial.

It is a better than 10 to 1 shot that you will never be sentenced to the penitentiary

It is a better than 80 to 1 shot that you will never be hanged or electrocuted.

Who would not commit murder, if so inclined, under such excellent and advantageous terms as these?

But in considering your risk, beware of the color of your skin. Though the negroes of the United States constitute less than one-eighth of the whole population, they are accredited, by the foolish "statistics," with two murders out of five!

Now in all probability, these figures quite misrepresent the facts, but they do probably indicate the proportion of negroes officially accused.

Without doubt, the frequency of murder among the negroes is much higher, let us say, than among the average white population of the United States. But it is difficult to believe that it is four times as great.

The figures simply represent another phase of the frightful miscarriage of justice in the United States. That this "justice" is merely a matter of money and "influence" is clearly enough shown by the figures for executions.

Though the number of negroes is less than one in twelve in this country, and they were accredited with only two-fifths of the murders, of the executions which took place last year, fifty were white, fifty-three were negroes.

And there are some Americans who are proud of their country. I, for one, am not.

Murder Not an Imported Crime

HOWEVER this may be, it seems certain that we cannot accuse the foreigner. According to the same estimates as those given above, foreign-born murderers constitute only a little over sixteen per cent. It is probable that this estimate is far above the truth. The census of 1904 showed that the foreign population in the penitentiaries (all crimes) was about the same figure, sixteen per cent. This was only a little greater than the proportion of foreign-born population in the country.

Considering now the natural racial antagonisms, the prejudice against the "foreigner" (the world over), the willingness to believe anything of people whose race and speech are a little different from our own, and finally the shameless way our courts railroad a poor devil to jail if he be an Italian, Pole, or the like, and I think it safe to say that in all probability the foreigner in the United States commits on the average not half as many murders, and probably crimes in general, as the native. Let us do him this much justice.

The hideous record of the United States as the most murderous nation was not made, and is not maintained, by the newcomer to these shores.

On the other hand, the estimates do seem to reveal a curious situation that is in some sense an accusation against ourselves and our institutions. This is that the penitentiary population (I have been able to obtain no figures as to homicides alone) is about two and a half times greater proportionally among those born here of foreign parentage than among our native born. This means that if my idea is correct that the immigrant population commits less crime than the native population, the children of the immigrants commit three or four times as much as their fathers and mothers.

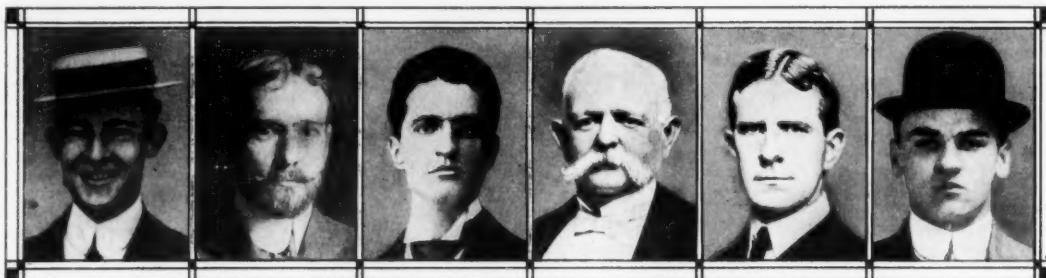
We have here a singular problem. It would be absurd to offer an offhand solution, but I think there is one very obvious contributing cause. The foreigner comes to America with a wholesome respect for the law. Figures for European countries all tend to show how enormously greater is the percentage of convictions to trials than in this country. For example, in 1906 Dr. Josiah Strong gave the following estimates as to homicides:

	Tried	Convicted
Italy	3,606	2,805
England	318	151
Germany	567	476
Belgium	132	101
France	847	580
Spain	1,584	1,085

In other words, in European countries the proportion

The Appalling Murder Record of Twenty-five Years

	1885	1895	1905	1910
Number of murders	1,808	10,500	9,212	8,975
Number of murders per million of population	32	152	111	98
Executions	108	132	136	104
Number of murders committed to every murderer executed	17	79	67	86



Henry C. Beattie

Capt. Peter C. Hains

Rev. C. V. Richeson

Col. D. R. Cooper

Dr. B. C. Hyde

Henry Wolter

Recent Defendants to Sensational Accusations of Murder

THE MURDER LIST OF A DAY

Collier's asked one of the clipping bureaus to make a note of all the murders in the United States reported in approximately one full day's mail. Here is the result in brief:

Buffalo, N. Y.—Mrs. Margaret Becker, stabbed by her husband, died this morning at the Kingsley Hospital.

Charlotte, N. C.—Justifiable homicide was the verdict of the jury on the killing of Sam Whitworth by J. Lucas Randall.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Louis N. Keyes, mulatto, shot and killed a colored laborer named Hayes.

Winthrop, Mass.—Ollie and Anita Jaeger, two little girls aged five and four, murdered by their father, who then shot himself.

Spartanburg, S. C.—Richard Abernathy has been held to answer for the killing of Wm. A. Abbot in 1879.

Chicago, Ill.—Alexander Digiacomia, a tailor, shot five times by three men, who escaped.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Thomas Burke, 19 years old, shot to death in a quarrel with a colored man.

New Orleans, La.—Edgar H. Farrar, Jr., son of the former President of the American Bar Association, shot by two thieves.

Clyde, N. Y.—Katharine Brophy murdered by Albert Di Miers.

Port Washington, N. Y.—Albert Crooker, night watchman at the Guggenheim home, shot by thieves.

Columbus, O.—George Wilson held for the murder of a saloon keeper, September 28.

Savannah, Ga.—John H. Gaynor, a well-known contractor, shot and instantly killed on Congress St., by Joseph Davis.

Charlotte, N. C.—No clue to the murderers of Abe Cooke, killed on the porch of his home yesterday morning.

New York, N. Y.—Dr. J. C. Hoye, of Newcastle, Pa., found dead in E. 18th St., after having been assaulted.

Birmingham, Ala.—In the vicinity of Louisburg, four miles north, six negroes have been killed in the last six days, and eleven negroes and six white men in the past eight months.

Granbury, Tex.—J. K. Beatty, an actor, and Mrs. Robinson, an actress, shot and killed by unknown assailant.

Evansville, Ind.—Mrs. Mary Connor shot and killed in quarrel over a board bill.

Oroville, Cal.—Two women killed by Ed. Williams, an Indian.

Bedford, Ind.—A little girl lays bare the mystery surrounding the killing of James Mitchell, three days ago.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Two Italians shot in a pistol duel.

Kane, Pa.—Murder of Miss Fanny Lintz still unsolved.

Kittanning, Pa.—Mrs. Leher shot by her brother-in-law.

Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. J. Quinn held for murdering her husband.

Cynthiana, Ky.—Bryan Price shot and instantly killed by his brother, and Chet Reneker fatally wounded.

Winnemucca, Nev.—William Mathers, aged 25, shoots and kills his sweetheart.

South Norwalk, Conn.—Marjorie Wood, 17, shot by Timothy O'Neil, age 15.

Springville, Staten Island—Emil Schroeder kills a thief.

Cleveland, O.—Alexander Jack of Collinwood kills his wife.

Leesburg, Ga.—M. S. Childers held for poisoning his wife.

Shelbyville, Tenn.—Redinn Curdy and Charles Henry, city policemen, shot and killed by unidentified man on horseback.

Birmingham, Ala.—Munroe Gordy shoots J. P. Sudson.

The Dalles, Ore.—Bill Gleason stabbed and killed his aged mother with a butcher's knife.

Richton, Miss.—D. H. Ware, overseer, stabbed and killed by a cook.

Evansville, Ind.—Wm. J. Walters killed by Wm. Wilson.

Los Angeles, Cal.—H. B. Moser gives himself up for the murder of Stephen Brooks in September, 1910.

Rochester, N. Y.—Patrick Hackett shot by hold-up men.

Newport, Ky.—Joseph Von Herhaar, killed by a negro.

Bedford, Ind.—James Mitchell murdered on the public road.

New Orleans, La.—James Edwards, a drug-crazed negro, kills Patrolman Joseph Lacoste and wounds four others.

Muncie, Ind.—Charles McGalliard kills his sweetheart.

Baltimore, Md.—Two men on the revenue cutter Windom shot at Arundel Cove by the son of a storekeeper.

Chicago, Ill.—The police believe they have now evidence of a tenth victim of Mrs. Vermilya, the woman poisoner.

of convictions ranges from fifty per cent to more than ninety per cent. These are very different from conditions in the United States.

Next, the immigrant comes here with the natural restraint bred of being in a foreign land, with whose speech and customs he is often unfamiliar. This helps to explain why it is that the tendency to crime among the foreign population should be low in spite of the number of criminals who are known to have fled from justice in foreign lands and come to these shores.

On the other hand, the native born of foreign parentage grows up with no such restraint, and the daily examples before his eyes—all that he hears of, all that he reads of in the newspapers—breed in him no such salutary fear as would similar years under the more rigorous administration of justice in Europe. As a result, he goes to the other extreme.

And he goes quickly. That is one of the appalling facts with regard to all crime, in all countries,—that it is on the average the deed of youth, and often of extreme youth. Two-thirds of all the inmates of penitentiaries in this country are admitted before the age of thirty.

An astonishingly large number of murders are committed by mere boys, and it may be added by mere girls.

Several examples leap quickly to the mind. The Beattie murder, the Geidel murder, the Wolter murder, all were cases in point. Wolter and Geidel both were under twenty, Beattie, twenty-six. The Rev. Mr. Richeson, accused of the murder of the young music student, Avis Linnell, in Boston, is only a little older.

Some of the most atrocious murders have been done at an almost unbelievable age. One in a Western State, known to the writer, probably bears the record. A farmer and his wife—a second wife—were found murdered, evidently by means of a shotgun. The head of the woman was afterward beaten into jelly. The murder was reported to the neighbors by the farmer's young son, who had taken the sleeping baby, hitched up the horse, and driven several miles to tell of the crime. He said that it had been done by tramps. After long questioning, the boy was put into a cell to see if he could not tell more than he had. Then he confessed that the murder had been done by himself alone. He was at that time eleven years old, slight of build, and not overly developed at that.

Geidel, who killed the aged stockbroker in New York, was a mere lad, yet he went about his crime with a coolness and thoroughness that was astounding. And he exhibited no remorse. The same was true of Wolters, convicted of strangling and burning the body of a fifteen-year-old girl. The same was true of young Beattie who went through the whole ordeal of his arrest and trial and conviction, smiling as if the whole proceeding were a mere joke. He was convicted of taking his young wife, three weeks after the birth of her baby, out on a motor ride, shooting her with a shotgun on a lonely road, and driving home, miles distant, sitting on her body.

Protection of Assassins by Law

THESE are instances, not so much of moral turpitude, as of moral idiocy. What to do with such cases is a problem. The notion of punishment, here, is absurd. It has always seemed to the writer that the best interests of justice and society would be served if such cases could be quietly chloroformed and put out of the road. They are simply the hopeless wastrels of a not very perfect scheme of creation. But to do this, it seems grotesque that we should need the huge, clumsy, bungling, and frightfully expensive machinery of grand juries, judges, prosecuting attorneys, defending attorneys, petit juries, courts of appeal, courts of reappeal, supreme courts, and courts still more supreme, which serially seem to take a childish delight in reversing the decisions of the lower courts and exposing the most trifling and inane irregularities of judicial procedure.

It is no longer grotesque; it has grown to a frightful perversion of authority when this same idiotic machinery of the law is put to the protection of cold-blooded assassination, and indeed, aided and abetted by corrupt or flabby governors and pardoning boards sensitive to the everlasting political "pull."

Simply atrocious instances of such miscarriages of justice are neither few nor far between. Governor-elect Goebel of Kentucky is shot down by a rifle aimed from the window of the office of the Secretary of State. It was a political assassination, one of the worst that this country ever saw. And the Governor of the State gives to the Secretary of State, from whose office the murder was done, a secret pardon, before the latter has been tried or convicted! He was himself implicated in the murder, and remained for years a fugitive from justice, and the Governor of the State to which he fled refused to grant extradition papers that he might be tried.

It seems incredible that such a condition of affairs could obtain in a civilized country.

In the neighboring State of Tennessee, ex-Senator Carmack had been warned that his attacks upon a political boss would result in his death. The boss and his son go gunning for their victim and find him quietly talking to a lady, and shoot him down. And here again, the Governor of the State frees the assassins.

It is not enough to reflect that this shameless tool of political brigands has been driven from office and from public life; it is amazing to think that he and his kind could still find neighbors with whom to associate.

(Concluded on page 25)

Melvin Vaniman,—Aerial Adventurer

Early Experiences at Ballooning and His Faith in the Dirigible Airship

By ISAAC RUSSELL

THE story of the dirigible balloon in America is not yet a great story, but it cannot be told without telling of Vaniman. Melvin Vaniman, balloonist, is a veritable embodiment of the American spirit.

*... illogical, elate,
He greets th' embarrassed gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate,
Or match with Destiny for beers.*

When the end came of the ill-starred Wellman transatlantic air voyage and the *America* was lost, Vaniman was not only not daunted; he was not even abashed. "No, I won't miss her," was his answer to sentimental inquiries concerning the lost airship. "When I was looking back at her from the deck of the *Trent*, I had another airship already in my mind—quite a different airship—and now that's what I'm going to build."

Characteristic of him, too, was the confident announcement of his plan for another airship; yet as he stood on the deck of the *Trent* and spoke those bold words, it must have seemed like a baseless boast, for he was practically penniless and all but friendless.

But the *Akron* has come as the fulfillment of Vaniman's prediction. Smiling as he stood beside her last week, Vaniman told me how she was all that his dream had been; how the new way he had figured out to solve the equilibrium problem was fully installed; how the trebling of the horsepower had been accomplished; how the lifting power of the gas bag had been strengthened; and how the rudders had been arranged for up-and-down as well as sidewise control, which they had alone last year.

The real reason there is another balloon this year, and, in fact, the reason why there was a balloon last year, is that Vaniman is an extraordinary man, a dreamer, and a practical mechanic, who has the faculty for putting his dreams into terms of steel, and a dogged loyalty to his vision that makes it easy to sacrifice all things else.

The Reason for His Dream

THE story of his years in America, in the Arctic, and in Europe makes it very plain why he is sticking to the dream of going overseas by airship. It is not for advertising that he is doing it, nor for glory; it is for that mysterious reason that no one has yet fully fathomed—the thing that drove the pioneers relentlessly over the next range of hills in front of them and started Peary to the Pole. Of course he comes of pioneer stock, and, almost equally of course—like the Wrights, like his prototype, Laughton O. Zigler, the inventor-hero of Kipling's South African story, "The Captive," and, one may add, like most of our Presidents—he comes from Ohio. There he was born some forty odd years ago, in a little town just out of Springfield. His first ambition, curiously enough, was to be a singer. His first venture carried him into a Chicago opera company. The opera company went on a Western tour, crossed the Pacific, became plague-bound, and stranded in Honolulu, and the bent which has been the dominating one in Vaniman's career got its direction. For Vaniman had no ticket home, nor money to buy one, and, on account of the plague, could not have come even if he had. As he walked down one of Honolulu's main streets he saw a

photograph gallery, went inside, got acquainted, and persuaded the photographer to lend him a camera. One day the photographer put some of Vaniman's pictures out on view, and they made the populace stop and look.

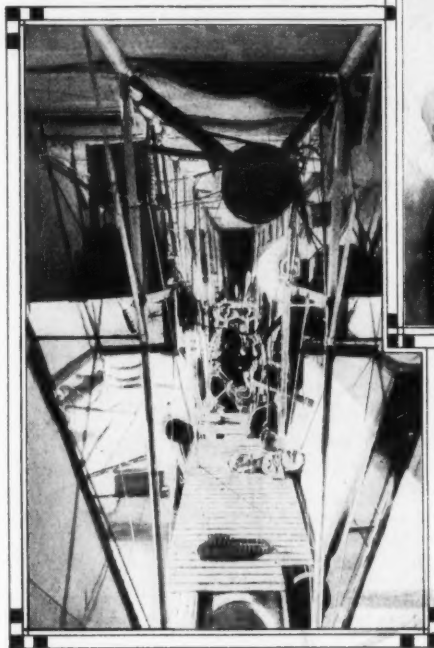
As Vaniman worked in Honolulu he constantly studied his camera, and finally built a camera of his own design. With this he took pictures that attracted the attention of representatives of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, operating to various Oriental ports out of San Francisco, and led to a proposition that he go over all their routes and make views at every port. Vaniman insisted, as part of the terms, on a pass for a certain young lady all the way from a Middle West-

ern town out to Honolulu, and a financial consideration sufficient to enable a young married couple to enjoy a circuitous honeymoon. The pass was furnished; the young woman came on from the Middle West; a Honolulu clergyman was called in, and Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Vaniman sailed for New Zealand and Australia.

It was in New Zealand that Vaniman began his ballooning career. A beautiful harbor had to be photographed and no commanding site was available from which to take it. The obliging steamship company commandeered an airship, and, after some painful misadventures (for Vaniman knew nothing about ballooning), he got his picture. It was a great success—so great that he began to specialize on captive-balloon photography. After incredible difficulties he managed to get a superb view of Sydney Harbor. He did Paris from an equally elevated vantage point, and even essayed the Eternal City.

Now, it is not easy to make negatives from a whirling and pitching air bag, and, moreover, there must be a convenient gas house near by to supply the ascending principle. After many troublous adventures, Vaniman conceived the idea of a dirigible balloon as the solution of his problem, and at once set about building one. He had but little money, and one does need money in such ventures. However, Mrs. Vaniman was game, so the courageous twain abandoned house-keeping and went to live in a little shed outside Paris, which was at once a workshop, a living room, and house-of-my-dreams, where a giant dirigible soon began to take form. Here there came to visit him an American temporarily residing in Paris, who, both on his own account and through his son, the first flyer of the American army, has contributed very largely to the progress of aeronautics. Frank S. Lahm became Vaniman's friend, for he loved to shop-talk about balloons. One day Lahm told Vaniman about an advertisement inserted in some French papers by Walter Wellman, asking for designs for a dirigible balloon to be used in an attempt to reach the North Pole from Spitzbergen. Vaniman had an idea for a dirigible. He submitted it to Wellman; and thus

Melvin Vaniman with his mascot—the cat which accompanied the unsuccessful expedition of 1910—and a view of the body of the *Akron*, showing the living quarters of the crew and the machinery by which the ship is guided



it came about that his first two efforts to launch a dirigible balloon and cruise in it were made in the Arctic regions, with the North Pole as an objective point.

There have been many doubts expressed as to the seriousness of these Polar adventures. I had heard of them and laughed at them myself, but I got over it. The first thing that caught my eye at Atlantic City as I approached the balloon shed was a large canvas door built on the seaward side of the shed. It was no frail door or mere canvas covering. Great hawsers, such as the largest ocean steamers use in docking, stretched—more than a score of them—from various points in the canvas to heavy railroad rails anchored in the sand. On the inside the big canvas door was a network of heavy ropes, merely covered with canvas. Here was a door which practically could not blow in—built so that no wind that blew should budge it. There was something sincere about that particular piece of work. It kindled my interest. Until then I had not dreamed that any really serious transatlantic plans were forming.

Inside there were some rolls on the shed floor, and a rather short and stubby man was cutting them open with a pocketknife. He cut the last piece of twine that held one of the rolls and it opened, displaying folds of cloth—balloon cloth, as I afterward learned to know it.

"Isn't that fine?" the little man spoke up; "dry and as perfect as the day I wrapped it up, and that was

(Concluded on page 31)

The Visit of Mme. Simone

HERE and there on the theatre billboards, these days, you will observe a murky background, against which two acute and rather nebulous triangles are entwined. "Some Arabic symbol, doubtless," I decided, having just arrived from the uninformed—if not wholly undramatic—wilds of Mexico, "The Garden of Allah," probably." I so surveyed the puzzle several times from afar, until finally, at the corner of Broadway and Forty-ninth Street, after long study through an intervening haze of automobile smoke, the triangles developed into two immensely long and emaciated arms, the hands of which were pressed convulsively to an unhappy lady's head, while the caption explained that this was Mr. de Zayas's idea "of the great French artiste, Mme. Simone."

Face to face with Mme. Simone, a day or two later, it appeared that Mr. de Zayas had got his triangles mixed. She is vigorous and compact rather than drooping and elongated, and both on the stage and off of it she is essentially a modern, thinking, natural person, rather than the bizarre, green-complexioned "artiste" of abominable romance. If one were going to triangulate Mme. Simone, it is her keen and piquant face which would promptly lend itself—those wide-apart, intelligent eyes, and a rather long and salient nose leading the acute angle down to a decisive mouth—a mouth which, breaking continually into an understanding smile, closes as quickly and tightly, as if to sharpen and make more exact the ideas that come hurrying down to it before they emerge in words.

The control of a quick, reasoning intelligence is felt through all her vivacious good-humor. There are plenty of shrieks in "The Whirlwind," and the play ends in one grand howl, and it struck me as interesting and char-

A Talk with the Talented French Actress Who is Playing in This Country in English

By ARTHUR RUHL

acteristic that two of her most telling strokes were achieved by suddenly shutting off emotion instead of turning it on.

In the first act the polished gambler, with whom the heroine of the piece is infatuated, warns her not to cry out at what he is about to say. Her agitation becomes more and more apparent, when suddenly she clasps her hands, and, pushing them down in front of her with the precise motion of pushing away by sheer strength a heavy weight, she turns toward him, with arms dropped by her side, palms opened outward, and says calmly: "Go ahead—I am ready." It is a small thing, and yet the effect it conveys of restrained emotion is as striking as it is typical.

Again, in the big "duel" with her father in the second act, at the climax of a scene of violent recrimination, in which she threatens that if her lover's losses are revealed she will reveal her own relations with him, that if there's going to be a scandal, she will be in the middle of it, she covers her face with her upraised hands (in quite the gesture used by Mr. de Zayas), and then, quick as a flash, drops her arms and with a brisk masculine gesture of dismissing the whole business, says in a matter-of-fact voice: "There! I'm not bluffing. Now do what you wish."

Vivid flashes of reality like this—so far as one may



Mme. Simone

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judge from having seen her in but one play—are the most telling characteristics of Mme. Simone's art. What she might accomplish in the expression of nobler or more tender emotion can scarcely be measured without seeing her in plays less hard and dry than the theatrical machines constructed by the clever Mr. Bernstein. She is not one of those overpowering and unique personalities, like Bernhardt, for instance, which create an atmosphere of their own through which you view and accept them, quite bereft of critical judgment and common sense. Her appeal is to the intelligence and one's sense of reality, and, recalling the French instinct for these things, it is not hard to understand her popularity.

An Actress Who Began at the Top

MME. SIMONE walks into a drawing-room in the natural fashion in which people accustomed to that thrilling experience walk into a room in real life. The exigencies of "The Whirlwind" leave her on the stage at the end of each act, but I fancy that she is also a person—unlike some of our native players—who can leave a room as if she were not saying to it an eternal farewell. Perhaps her early experiences may have had something to do with this. She has only been on the stage for ten

years, and she stepped there, full-blown, so to speak—well-educated, the friend and critic of many actors and actresses, and after having lived, generally, the life of an attractive young woman not under the need of worrying over her material wants. Her father was proprietor of the Hotel Binta. It was after her marriage to the eminent French actor, Le Bargy, and after eighteen months' apprenticeship in the provinces, that she appeared in 1902 in Paris and won immediate success in Bernstein's "Le Detour."

I asked Mme. Simone whether it was she who had "discovered" young Mr. Bernstein or he who discovered her, and she smiled and said that that was pretty hard to say—"he was an old friend of mine, and he just wrote me a play." The conjunction was most fortunate, at any rate, and although Mme. Simone (she was Simone Le Bargy until her divorce and subsequent marriage to young M. Claude Casimir-Perier, son of the late President) has appeared successfully in Racine's "Andromaque," Maeterlinck's "La Princesse Loïtaine," Porto-Riche's "Le Vieil Homme," and the Hen Pheasant in "Chantecler," it is the Bernstein plays which have most made her fame.

This is rather unfortunate as far as her American audiences are concerned, for, effective theatrical ma-

chines as the Bernstein pieces are, they are remote from our sympathies, and almost valueless as a criticism or interpretation of anything really vital to us or even to the French. Mme. Simone's acting as the wife in "The Thief" was thought in Paris to be almost flawless, but here her comparatively quiet playing (which, by the way, I did not see) was compared with the more athletic interpretation of our plump and guileless Miss Illington—and the audiences preferred Miss Illington.

"Just the same," said Mme. Simone, with the greatest good-humor, "I was playing the sort of woman that Bernstein had in mind when he wrote the play. In Paris they are very quick to see such things—they like things to be true and exact. I have an idea that American audiences like people to be likable—and then, perhaps, too, when it comes to the actress, they like to hear the big drum. But you can't beat the big drum all the time—"

The "Happy Ending"

I SPOKE of some of the Ibsen plays—it would be interesting to see Mme. Simone as Hedda Gabler—and she said: "Every contract that I have signed lately says that I may play 'A Doll's House' and Hedda, but when the time comes round they look so

(Concluded on page 28)

The Soul Trapper

The Story of a Man Who Went Mad and a Woman's Fight for His Life

By JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

"BUT a white woman did come to this spot," said the German naturalist, stretching himself on the plaited Dyak mat. "There is no place on the earth where a man goes that a woman will not follow if the necessity arises, and for that I thank God. This Samarahan River is as near hell as you can go without making a hole in the wall, yet a woman came here."

"A collector?" I asked.

"No, no! I would hate to see a woman come to this place to trap monkeys or gather bugs, or do anything like that. This woman came to— Well, she came to trap a man's soul."

"Tell me," I said.

Hochdorf, the greatest naturalist in the Malay Archipelago, who knew more of the ways of animals than any of the seventy collectors employed by the big Amsterdam firm, spoke soothingly to a black monkey that whined in the shadow. The tropical night had rolled down from Asia, and a tremendous silence had come in its train. A new moon rode high over the tops of the jungle, where sandalwood, teak, kaladang, and mohor, in league-wide masses, resembled an ebony base upon which the dome of the heavens was softly resting.

"I will tell you first of the man," said Hochdorf quietly. "We will call him Hanslaw, that is as good a name as any, and he came from Baltimore, over there in the United States. He had the bungalow on the other side of the river, the one just below the Dyak village that I showed you this morning, and after he was here some time we became great friends. He was a fine naturalist, none better. He loved his work, and he would not stop from dawn till midnight."

"Hanslaw," I would say, "you are a fool to work like that. You are just what all you Americans are, just a bundle of nerves, and if you go pounding along like that, something will stop all of a sudden in your head, and you will go up like a rocket on the Kaiser's birthday."

"I've got to make good, Hochdorf," he would say. "I've got to make good, and make good quick. Work is nothing if you have the right incentive to work, and by all that is holy, I have that incentive."

"That was all he would say. Just that. Work was nothing to him. The hours that he spent in a wet singlet curing and fixing things did not trouble him. I envied him. Who would not? Just because there was a woman over there in the United States, six thousand miles from this little hell in Borneo, he could not feel tired. It is wonderful."

"You are an old bachelor and you do not understand," he would say.

"Bachelors have done some big things," I would snap back at him.

"Perhaps so," he would laugh, "but by the bones of the great Cuvier, Hochdorf, it is the man that the

sometimes I would get out of my bed and look across the river, and no matter when I looked his light would be still burning."

"Then one day the thing that I said came about. He snapped up. Something in the back of his head gave way like a piece of elastic. He was working on the skeleton of a *simia wurmbii*, the big orang-utan, and he laid down his knife quietly, very, very quietly, and he went out and started to play with the little pebbles on the bank of the river. *Gott steh uns bei!* It was so. It chilled my blood."

"Hanslaw," I said, "what is up, my friend? Get up and leave those pebbles alone."

"But he would not get up. He sat there on his hams like a hill Kyan, and he played with those little bits of stone like a three-year-old baby. It is not nice to see anything happen like that. Not to a man with brains. And Hanslaw had brains. *Ja!*"

"What was I to do with a man in that condition in this little hell? Seventeen miles down the river was Brechmann, but Brechmann knew less about such things than I did. Hanslaw had blown up—*pouf*—just like that. It made me sick and it made those Dyaks wonder a bit. It was the first example that those fool niggers had ever seen of the quick-lunch methods you have over there in the United States. They had never seen a man's brain go *pop*, just because there was three hundred pounds of pressure on a machine that was not strong enough to bear half that amount."

"This place is not so bad if one is in the best of health, but if you are sick— Well, it is hell to be sick when you are out on the rim of the earth. If Hanslaw had met with an accident or if he were suffering from malaria it would have been different. The Dyaks cured my leg with a plaster of blue mud when I nearly cut it

off with an ax. And I had much quinine if it had been a fever. But it was neither a cut nor a fever. A belt had slipped from one of the little flywheels in the back of Hanslaw's brain, my friend, and a job like that is something that God Almighty must attend to in His own good time."

"For eight days he loafed around the bungalow, doing no work and talking little, and in those eight



"Hanslaw, the greatest naturalist that had ever come to this infernal archipelago, became a savage"

woman is watching who has put the marks of his knuckles on this old mud ball."

"He was only a big boy, but he was a great naturalist in spite of his youth."

"It was no good speaking to him about taking it easy. Through the smoke from that stinking slush lamp he saw her eyes looking at him from 'way over in Baltimore, and he would not stop. In the night

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days something happened that was peculiar. It was more than peculiar. When that little belt slipped off the flywheel in his head, it made him lose connection with that part of his brain that had been built up through centuries of civilization. Do you understand? He just crawled out of a husk that civilization had put around him. The veneer of the centuries peeled off him like the skin of the milk snake when he sloughs it in the irro grass, and Hanslaw, the greatest naturalist that had ever come to this infernal archipelago, became a savage. It was what you might call a backward migration of the soul. Or perhaps the soul left him altogether. People say that we cannot see into those other lives that we have left behind us, but Hanslaw went back into one of them. *Ja!* The thing might not have happened if he was in the city at the time the belt slipped off his mental flywheel, but here the jungle was all around him, and the jungle is impressive. It lays its hands on men who are in their right senses, so you can guess how it gripped Hanslaw when he had ripped off the protecting cyst that civilization had slowly wrapped round him. Then there were the Dyaks to copy from. Do you see?

HIS brain was like a bit of new clay, and it picked up impressions like a dry sponge sucks up water. He flung off his clothes, tied a *chawat* of bark cloth around his waist and did things native fashion, and it hurt me to see that. He broke up specimen cases to make fish-traps, and he did not know they were specimen cases when he broke them up. Yet he had lectured me about Humboldt a few nights before!

"On the eighth day Brechmann came up the river because I had sent him a message telling him what had happened, and we held a consultation about Hanslaw. He was fishing with the Dyaks in the river while we talked, and he fished better than any of them. And that is saying a lot. But the wonder of it was that he had never spent any time fishing, till that flywheel went wrong in his brain. Do you see? In eight days he had learned all the tricks that the niggers knew about fishing, and he had brought five-score new tricks out from the back of his brain where some ancestor of his, dead a thousand years or so, had stored them. That was the marvel to me. I knew that he had never seen a dozen crocodiles till he came to Borneo, and I know that he never attempted to catch one of those ugly devils in his life before that day he started to play with the pebbles, yet he could beat all those natives at the business after a few days. He tackled one of those dirty monsters with as much composure as I tackle a glass of beer, and it was not the Dyak fashion of killing it that he used. *Nein!* It was a quicker and a better way, and it made those niggers wonder. This little pinch of gray matter that we have in our skulls plays some funny tricks with us at times.

"We should take him down to the coast," said Brechmann. "It is bad to let a white man run wild with the niggers."

"*Ja!*" I said. "If we could get him on a tramp steamer and get him up to Singapore, his consul might look after him."

"Will we start now?" asked Brechmann.

"No, we will leave it till the morning," I said. "We will invite him on a trip down to your place, and if he gets suspicious we must kidnap him."

NOW I know that Hanslaw did not hear what Brechmann and I had planned to do. We took good care to be out of hearing when we talked the matter over, but instinct is better than hearing. Hanslaw had his instincts sharpened when that flywheel went wrong. You bet he had. That was how he knew which way to jump when the crocodile lashed out with his tail. His skin felt things just the same as the skin of a wild animal. And he felt that Brechmann and I were up to something that concerned him. That is so. In the morning when we were making preparations to go down the river he bolted. Yes, he bolted into the jungle. I told you he had become a better savage than the natives. Well, he

was. We went in pursuit of him with a crowd of Dyaks, and he made fools of us. We were— What is that word you use? Ah, tenderfoot! We were tenderfeet compared to him in his knowledge of the jungle. *Mein Gott!* Yes! He fooled us like as if we were so many children. He chattered like the orang-utan, and he laughed when he found that we could not tell his cries from the cries of the monkeys. We had never heard such imitations.

"Brechmann got tired of chasing him after a day or two, and he went back to his camp, leaving me

good trying to lie to the woman who wrote that letter. Not one bit. I told her how we had chased him into the jungle, and how he had mocked us by imitating the big *simia satyrus*. My, I never did such a bit of writing in all my life. When I had finished it I sent it down to the coast with two of the Dyaks, and then I went about my work. If Hanslaw was crazy I could not give his craziness as an excuse to my employers at Amsterdam.

"But that madman tried to make me as much of a lunatic as the Fates had made himself. He would come down here by the river at night and howl at me. That was pleasant, wasn't it? He would howl at me from the trees, and then he would sneak softly up to the windows of the bungalow and send rocks flying among my specimens. It was the devil.

"Brechmann came up the river and he grinned when I told him of the tricks that Hanslaw was up to. It amused him because he was seventeen miles away.

"Shoot a charge of salt at him," he said. "Shoot it at his bare legs, and I bet he knows enough to keep away from your place."

"No, I will not do that," I said. "If Hanslaw was in his right mind he would sooner cut off his head than harm one of my specimens."

"Salt is a good thing," said Brechmann. "It is the best persuader that you can find."

"You go back where you came from!" I screamed. "It is not your specimens that he is playing the mischief with. Clear out and leave me to mind my own business!"

AND he did clear out, wondering whether I had snapped something in the back of my head like Hanslaw had done.

"But Hanslaw kept me mighty busy in the nights that followed. He bombarded this place till the volleys of stones took my memory back to Gravelotte when the French Chasseurs tickled us some. One would think that the mad devil had a hundred arms to judge by the way he sent the stones down on this place. He made my life a misery. I could not open a window to get a breath of air, and if I sat in the dark with a door open he seemed to know. He had cat's eyes. He ruined much of my best work, but when I would be that angry that I could kill him, I would think of that girl's letter.

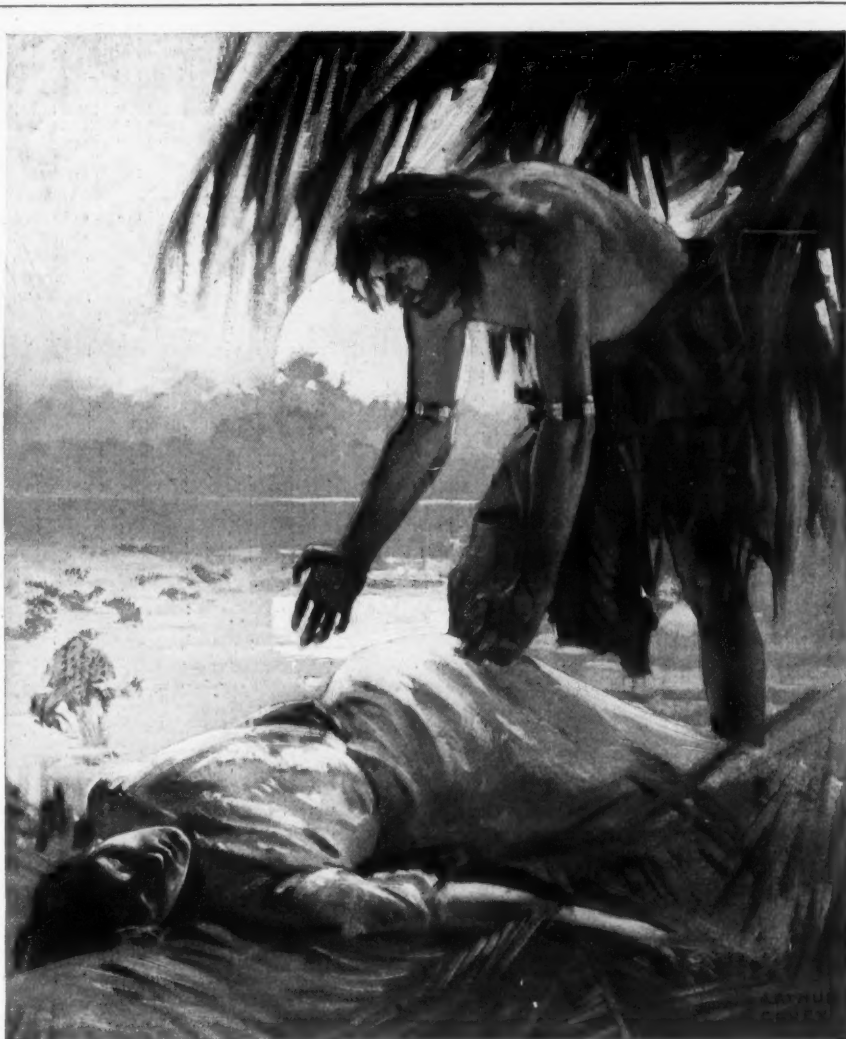
"It went on like that for three months, then one morning while I was skinning a crocodile down on the bank of the river, I saw a boat coming up the stream. There were four Dyaks pulling it, and some one else was sitting in the stern. I stood up and watched it, and I don't know what I felt like just then. Something came up in my throat that was bigger than the ball on Strasburg Cathedral. *Ach Gott!* I took a new view of the world at that minute. Just before I saw the boat everything looked bad and crooked. I was as poisonous as a red-necked cobra, then everything was changed. Hanslaw told the truth. The flowers would not bud in the spring if it was not for love. I, an old bachelor, who has not heard a good woman laugh for fifteen years, I tell you that. It is the truth, and it is from the lookers-on that you get the truth. *Himmel, yes!*

I THINK I helped her out of that boat when it grounded on the stinking mud. I am doubtful to this day if I did. I have an idea sometimes that I stood there like a badly stuffed specimen. Can you think what a task that woman set herself in coming from Baltimore to this hell? Can you imagine it? It made the sweat run down my face when I thought of what she had put up with in coming up the river with four dirty naked niggers. There are no Cook excursions around Borneo, my friend.

"You are Mr. Hochdorf," she said, when she put her little hand into my big dirty paw. "I want to thank you for your letter."

"That was all she said. You would think that I was expecting her, and that it was not six thousand miles of a track between the United States and Borneo. I cried. I cried to think that the world is not as bad as some bilious devils make out. Out on this God-forgotten place I was witnessing some-

(Continued on page 32)



"He picked her up very gently and carried her up to the bungalow"

with the difficulty on my hands. It was not a nice thing to spend the day thinking over. Not much! My brain is slow, and I act like an old woman in a matter of that kind. I tried every way to get the madman back to the bungalow, but it was no good.

"Three weeks after he had bolted, a mail came up from the coast. There was a letter for Hanslaw from that place, Baltimore, that he came from over there in the United States, and I opened that letter. That is so. It was a beautiful letter. Never have I read such a letter. It made me feel sorry to think that I had no one to write me letters like that. I think I could have worked as Hanslaw worked if I had. I think so. Hanslaw said that Love was the big lever that moved the world. I believe him now. The day before his brain threw the somersault he quoted some lines of verse to me, and I did not understand those lines till I read that letter. Yes, I remember the lines. Let me see, they ran like this:

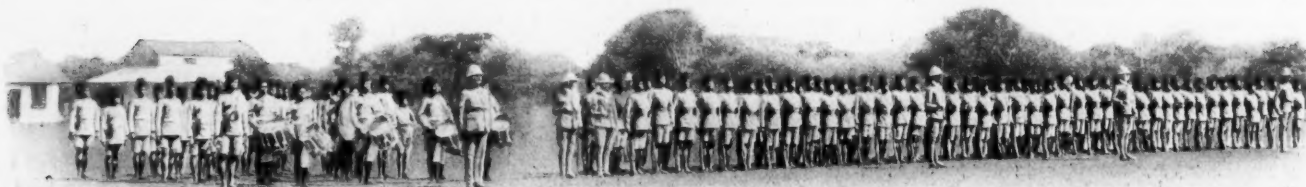
*Methinks no leaf would ever bud in spring,
But for the lovers' lips that kiss, the poets'
lips that sing.*

"You think it is strange that I, an old bachelor who is trapping animals in this wilderness, should remember those lines. Wait till I tell you all of the story and then you will not think it strange. You will understand why I remember.

"I read that letter eight, twelve, twenty times, then I sat down and wrote an answer to it. It was the first time I had written to a girl since I left Bonn. That is funny, is it not? But I tried my best to write that girl a good letter. You are wondering if I told her everything, are you not? Yes, I did tell her all that I knew. *Ja!* I did. I told her how he had worked through the days and through the tropical nights when the hot smells get up off the ground and take you with their cursed fingers till you drip with perspiration, and I told her how the little belt had slipped from the flywheel in his brain. It was no

The Reshuffle in Africa

The Latest Move in the Great International Game of Exchanging Empires



Troops organized by the British in Rhodesia with the fighting men which Germany has driven out of her possessions



Type of native which German oppression has driven over the border in Rhodesia

THE other day two suave, frock-coated gentlemen, seated at a green-covered table in the Foreign Office in Berlin, by putting their names to the bottom of a piece of parchment, caused a territory almost as large as the State of Texas to become French, and another territory, larger than the State of Oregon, to become German. About as many people were affected, though not consulted, by that international dicker—which will probably pass into history as the Morocco-Equatoria Convention—as there are in the County of London. The lot of about four-fifths of these people will doubtless be materially improved, and in a few years, if they have any gratitude in their Moorish souls, they will be thanking Allah for having given them French instead of Shereefian justice. As for those Kongoese blacks who compose the other fifth, they will soon find, unless I am very much mistaken, that the red-white-and-black flag stands for something very different from the red-white-and-blue, and that the stiff-backed, guttural-tongued German officers in their tight-fitting uniforms will prove sterner masters than the easy-going French *administrateurs* in their topies and white linen.

Now the significance of that convention does not lie in its ethics—which are very questionable; nor in the territory and population and resources concerned—which are very great; but in the fact that it brings within reasonable measure of fulfillment the imperial dream which William II began dreaming some seven and twenty years ago, and which he recently translated to the world in the declaration: "Germany's future lies overseas." In those four words is found the foreign policy of the Fatherland. The episode which began with the sending of a warship to an obscure port of Morocco and ended with Germany's acquisition of a huge addition to her African domain, was not, as the world supposes, an example of the haphazard land-grabbing so popular with European nations, but a single phase of a vast and carefully laid scheme whose aim is the creation of a new and greater Germany overseas—a *Deutschland über See*.

A Campaign of Expansion

TO SOLVE the problem with which she has been confronted by her amazing increase in population and production, Germany has deliberately embarked on a systematic campaign of world expansion and exploitation. In other words, wherever she can find an excuse for raising a flagstaff, whether on an ice floe in the Arctic or an atoll in the South Pacific, there the German flag shall flutter, wherever trade is to be found. It is a scheme astounding by its very vastness, as methodically planned as a breakfast food manufacturer's advertising campaign and as systematically conducted, and already, thanks to Teutonic audacity, aggressiveness, and perseverance, backed up by German banks, armies, and dreadnoughts, much nearer realization than most people suppose.

In Morocco, East Africa, and the Kongo; in Turkey, Persia, and Malaysia; in Hayti, Brazil, and the Argentine; on the shores of all the continents and the islands of all the seas German merchants and German money are working twenty-four hours a day building up that over-sea empire of which the Kaiser dreams. The activities of these pioneers of commerce and finance are as varied as commerce and finance themselves. Their guttural voices are heard in every market place; their footsteps resound in every avenue of human endeavor. Their holdings in Brazil are the size of European kingdoms, and so absolute has their power become in at least two States—Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul—that the Brazilian Government is seriously alarmed. Their mines in Persia and China and the Rand rival the cave of Aladdin. They are completing a trunk line across western Asia which threatens to endanger England's commercial supremacy in India; in Africa they are pushing forward another railway from the shores of the Indian Ocean to the Great Lakes which will rival the Cape-to-Cairo system in tapping the trade of the Dark Continent. They own the light, power, and transportation monopolies of half the capitals of Latin America. In China the coal mines and railways of the great province of Shantung are in their hands. They work tea plantations in Ceylon, tobacco plantations in Cuba and Sumatra, coffee

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

plantations in Guatemala, rubber plantations in the Kongo, hemp plantations in East Africa, and cotton plantations in the Delta of the Nile. Their argosies, flying the house flags of the Hamburg-American, the North German Lloyd, the German East Africa, the Deutsche Levante, and a score of other lines, carry German goods to German warehouses in the world's remotest corners, while German warships are constantly aprowl all up and down the Seven Seas, ready to protect the interests thus created by the menace of their guns.

Back of the German traders and miners and railway builders are the great German banks, which, when all is said and done, are the real exploiters of Germany's interests overseas. Seven of them devote themselves exclusively to the exploitation of foreign concessions, either owning or dominating enterprises of every conceivable character in the regions denoted by their titles or lending financial assistance to German subjects engaged in such undertakings. So completely are the foreign interests of the nation in their hands that there is no reason to doubt the story that the Emperor, when warned by the great bankers, whom he had

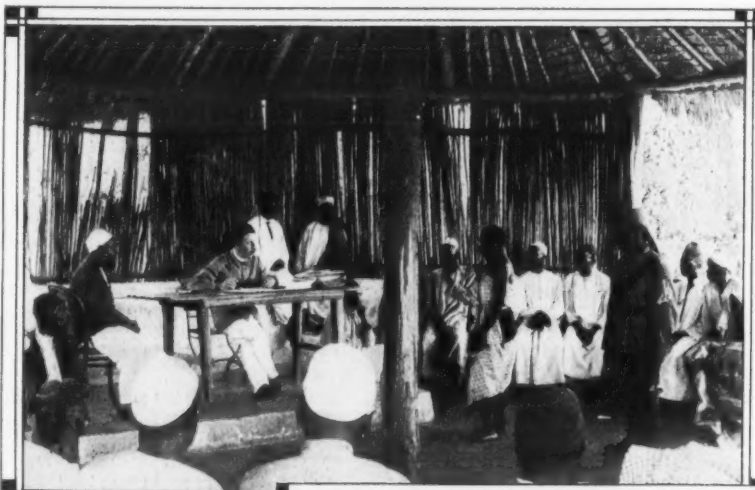
"Then, gentlemen, we must find a peaceable solution." We of the West have not yet awakened to a realization of the magnitude of Germany's foreign interests or to the almost sovereign powers which the banks behind them exercise in certain quarters of the world—particularly in that Latin America which we have complacently regarded as securely within our own commercial sphere.

But these interests, world-wide though they are, fail to satisfy the German expansionist party whose prophet is the Kaiser. They demand something more material

than figures; they would see the German flag floating over Government houses instead of warehouses, over fortifications instead of wharves. They would see more of the map of the world painted in German colors. But Germany was late in getting into the colonizing game, so that wherever she has gone she has found other nations already in possession. In North Africa her pioneers were greeted with the harsh "*Qui vive*," of French videttes; the only territory left in South Africa over which she could raise her flag was so arid and worthless that both England and Portugal had refused to include it in their dominions; though she bullied China into leasing her the port of Kiauchau, the further territorial expansion in the Celestial Empire of which she had dreamed was halted by Russian jealousy and Japanese ambition; around



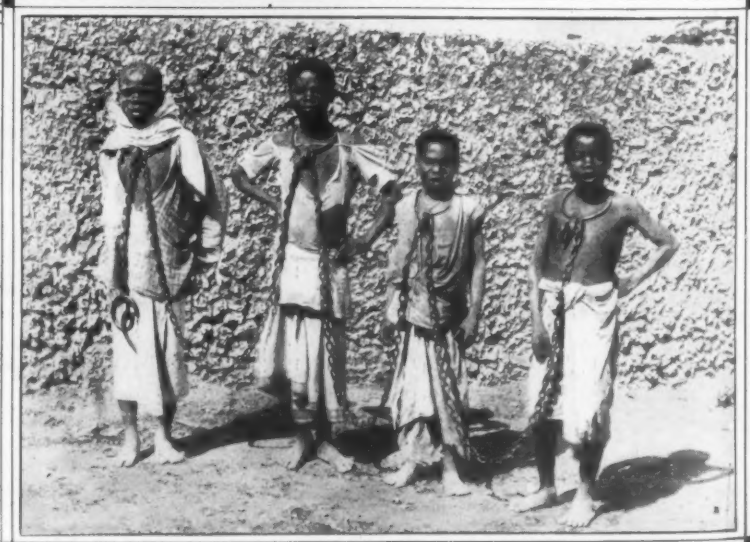
Swahili girls of German East Africa



Justice in the Jungle

A German tribunal in session in the Kamerun. Germany's colonial administration is noted for the severity of its rule, the number of natives annually convicted being far greater than in the adjoining colonies of other nations. A striking example of this harshness is this pictured gang of child convicts, the oldest thirteen, at work in the streets of Dar-es-Salam in a temperature of 120 degrees in the shade. It is difficult to picture children of this age being sufficiently desperate to demand such treatment

summoned to a conference over the ominous Moroccan situation, that war with France would endanger, if not destroy, Germany's overseas ambitions, turned to his ministers with the remark:



Latin America—the most enticing field of all—stretched the protecting arm of the Monroe Doctrine.

Now these "Keep Off the Grass" signs with which she was everywhere confronted did not improve Germany's disposition. They made her feel abused and peevish, and whenever she saw a foreign flag flying over some God-forsaken islet in the Pacific or a stretch of snake-infested African jungle she resented it deeply and said that she was being denied "a place in the sun." So last summer, when France dispatched an expedition to Fez to teach the Moorish tribesmen that French

property and French lives must be respected, Germany seized on that action as an excuse to occupy a strip of Moroccan seacoast, giving the pretext that her interests there were being jeopardized and flatly refusing to evacuate it unless France gave her something in return.

France, knowing full well the enormous political and commercial value of Morocco, and determined to complete her African empire by its acquirement, after months of haggling, during which battleships and army corps were moved about like chessmen, consented to compensate Germany by ceding her a great slice of the colony of French Equatorial Africa, better known, perhaps, as French Kongo. It was a good bargain that France made, too, for she gave a jungle and took an empire in exchange. But Germany made the better bargain, it seems to me, for by promising to refrain from further interference with France's program in Morocco, she obtained 100,000 square miles of African soil. From the viewpoint of the world at large, Germany emerged from the Moroccan imbroglio with a good-sized strip of equatorial territory, presumably rich in undeveloped resources, certainly rich in savages, snakes, and fevers, and, everything considered, of very doubtful value. But to Germany this stretch of jungle land meant far more than that. It was a territory which she had wanted, watched, and waited for ever since she entered the field of colonization. It is one of the links—in many respects the most essential one—which she requires to connect her scattered possessions in the Dark Continent, and to bar the advance of her great rival, England, to the northward, by stretching an unbroken chain of German colonies across Africa from coast to coast. The obtaining of that piece of west coast jungle marked the greatest stride which Germany has yet taken in her march toward an empire overseas.

Heretofore Germany has been in much the same predicament as a boy who tries to put a picture puzzle together when some of the pieces are missing. If you will open the family atlas to the map of Africa you will see that Germany's four colonies on that continent are so widely separated that their consolidation is, apparently, out of the question. Northernmost of all, and set squarely in the middle of that pestilential coast line variously named and

Africa, which now comprises forty-five per cent of the continent, is the work of but a single generation.

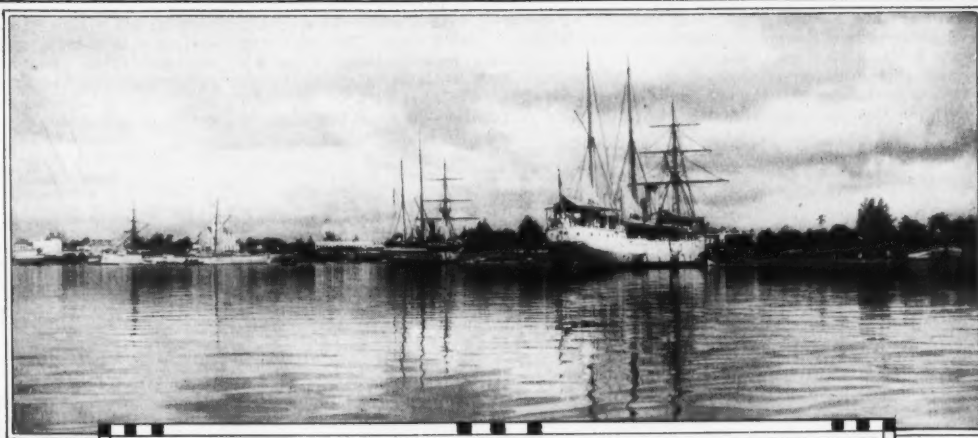
When Monsieur Cambon and Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter put their pens to the piece of parchment of which I have already spoken, the boundary of the Kamerun was automatically extended southward almost to the equator and eastward some hundreds of miles to the Logone River, the apex of the angle formed by the meeting of these new frontiers touching the Kongo River and thereby bringing the Kamerun into contact with the Belgian Kongo. In other words, Germany's great colonies on either coast are no longer separated by French and Belgian territory, but by Belgian alone—and Belgium, remember, is both weak and neutral. Now it is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility that Belgium might consent to sell Germany either the whole or a

While we are about it, let us carry our assumptions one step further and take it for granted that Portugal could be induced to dispose of her great west coast colony of Angola, of which Germany already possesses the reversionary rights. It is not only possible, but probable, therefore, that a good round offer of money, or perhaps another Agadir performance, based on some easily found pretext and backed up by German warships in the Tagus, would induce the Lisbon Government to hand over Angola, along with its fevers and its slavery, to the Germans. The acquisition of Angola would supply Germany with the final link needed to unite her colonies of East Africa, Southwest Africa, and Kamerun, thus giving her a real African empire. Far-fetched and far-distant as all this may sound, I have but sketched for you, in brief, bold outline, that imperial dream for whose fulfillment the Kaiser and his people are working indefatigably and waiting confidently.

The erection of such a German state across the middle of Africa would have far-reaching results in more directions than one. In the first place, it would end forever England's long-cherished ambition of eventually linking up her Sudanese and South African possessions, and thus possessing an "all-red" route from Cairo to the Cape. In the second place, Germany is now in a position to build her own transcontinental railway—from east to west instead of from north to south—thus removing the completion of the Cape-to-Cairo system, even under international auspices, to a very distant day, and making Dar-es-Salam and Duala, instead of Cape Town and Alexandria, the gateways through which civilization and commerce are destined to open up Inner Africa.

It is surprising how little even the well-informed know of these far places which Germany has taken for her own. Fertile spots as any upon earth, covered with hardwood forests and watered by many rivers, when seen from the shade of an awning over a ship's deck they are as bewitching as the stage of a theatre set for a sylvan opera. Go a thousand yards back from that smiling shore, however, and the illusion disappears, for you find a country whose hostile natives, savage beasts, and deadly fevers combine to make it deserving of its title—"the white man's graveyard."

Harbor of Dar-es-Salam, Germany's stronghold in East Africa, and the starting point of the railway which she is building across Africa



This shows what German law and order have done for the Kamerun. It is hard to believe that less than twenty years ago this orderly, well-kept town was a settlement of cannibals

The central picture shows the bazaars of Bagamoyo, German East Africa. The photograph in the oval depicts one of the most striking things about German rule in Africa—the great number of beautiful churches which have been erected, often in the very heart of the jungle. This one is in Dar-es-Salam

A street in Dar-es-Salam, the capital of German East Africa. Ten years ago this was a pestilential swamp; to-day it is a beautiful and perfectly appointed colonial city of 200,000 people

noted for its slaves, its ivory, and its gold, is the colony of Togo. Approximately the size of Cuba and rich in native products, it is so remote from the other German possessions that its only value is in providing Germany with a *quid pro quo* which she can use in negotiating for some territory more desirable. In the right angle formed by the Gulf of Guinea is the colony of Kamerun, a rich, fertile, and unhealthy possession about the size of Spain. Though its hinterland reaches inland to Lake Tchad, it has hitherto been destitute of good harbors or navigable rivers, being barred from the Niger by British Nigeria on the one side, and from the Kongo by French Equatorial Africa on the other. Follow the same coast line 1,200 miles to the southward and you will come to German Southwest Africa, a barren, inhospitable, sparsely populated land, stretching from a harborless coast as far inland as the Desert of Kalahari. On the other side of the continent, and just south of the line, lies German East Africa, almost twice the size of the mother country and the largest and richest of the Kaiser's transmarine possessions. The combined area of these four colonies is equal to that of all the States east of the Mississippi put together; certainly a substantial foundation on which to begin the erection of an empire, especially when it is remembered that French

portion of the Kongo, for the financial difficulties of that colony have from the beginning been very great, and it has never been able to pay its way, its wants having been supplied at first by large gifts of money from King Leopold, and more recently by loans raised and guaranteed by Belgium. Assuming, then—and these assumptions, believe me, are not nearly so chimerical as they may sound—that the Belgian Government should sell Germany all or a part of the Kongo, Germany's possessions would then stretch across the continent from coast to coast, comprising all that is most worth having in Equatorial Africa.

It must, indeed, have been a long look ahead that the statesmen of the Wilhelmstrasse took when they played their cards for such lands as these. The returns they have yielded thus far would have discouraged a man less sanguine than William Hohenzollern. Though subsidized German steamships ply along their coasts, though their forests resound to the clank and clang of German railway builders' tools, though the plantations of Government-assisted settlers dot the back country, though she has spent on them thousands of lives and millions of marks, Germany's only returns have been a few annual tons of ivory, copra, and rubber, some excellent but unprofitable harbors, and many lonely stations where her sons contract fevers and pessimism.

From the care with which they are laid out, from the perfection of their sanitary arrangements, from the magnificence of their public buildings and official residences and their suitability to the climatic conditions, one might almost be deceived into thinking that Tanga and Bagamoyo and Dar-es-Salam and Swakopmund and Duala were the gateways to rich and prosperous colonies. From the very outset, however, the Imperial Government based its claim for popular support in its colonial ventures upon the erroneous assumption that Ger-

man colonies would attract Germans, and that in this way the language of the Fatherland would be sown in foreign fields and eventually supplant that of Shakespeare. The Germans, however, stubbornly refused to go to their own colonies, preferring those where English is the speech and where there are less officials and more freedom. To-day, therefore, you find the model German towns, so perfectly built that you feel they must be sections of a municipal exhibition, almost wholly peopled by brass-bound, hidebound officials, while the German traders are carrying on thriving businesses under the English flag at Mombasa and Zanzibar and Sierra Leone.

Now Germany has no one but herself to blame for this condition of affairs, having brought it about by the shortsightedness of her colonial policy and the harshness and incapacity of her officials. Intending to found industrial colonies, she created military settlements instead, administering and exploiting them, not as if they were German lands, but as if they were an enemy's country. Nothing emphasizes more sharply the purely military character of Germany's African colonies than the statement that there are seven soldiers or officials to every German civilian. Dwelling in idleness, in one of the most trying climates in the world, the officials seem to take a malicious satisfaction in interfering with the civil population, thus

driving the traders—who form the backbone of every colony—to take up their residence in English ports and so paralyzing German trade. The soldiers, for want of something better to do, are forever seeking advancement by making unnecessary expeditions into the hinterland for the purpose of "punishing" the natives, thus causing them to migrate to the wholesale to British, Belgian, and even Portuguese territory, so that the German colonies are left without labor and the plantations are consequently being ruined.

Nothing illustrates more vividly the needless severity of Germany's colonial rule than the fact that last year there were 14,849 criminal convictions in German East Africa alone, or one conviction to every 637 natives; while in the adjoining protectorate of Uganda, among the same type of natives, but under a British administration, the ratio of convictions was only one in 2,047. There is not a town in German Africa where you cannot see boys of from eight to fourteen years, shackled together by chains running from iron collar to iron collar, and guarded by soldiers with loaded rifles, doing the work of men under a deadly sun. Natives with bleeding backs are constantly making their way into British and Belgian territory with tales of maltreatment by German planters, while stories of German tyranny, brutality, and corruption—of some instances of

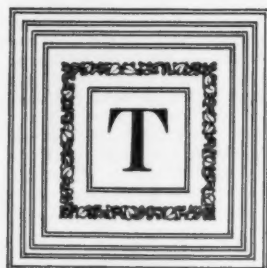
which I was myself a witness—form staple topics of conversation on every club veranda and steamer's deck along those coasts. In German Southwest Africa the dearth of labor, owing to the practical extermination of the Herero nation in Germany's last "little war" in that colony, has become a serious and pressing problem. In a single campaign—which cost Germany 500,000,000 marks and the lives of 2,000 soldiers, and which could have been avoided altogether by a little tact and kindness—half the total population of the colony was killed in battle or driven into the desert to perish. That is why the builders of the railway in Southwest Africa—the longest two-foot-gauge line in the world, by the way—have to send to Europe for their labor. Until Germany makes a radical change in her methods of colonial administration, and until she learns that traders and laborers are more essential to a colony's prosperity than any number of pompous officials, her colonial accounts will continue to stand on the wrong side of the ledger.

All of which would go to show that Germany is a commercial but not a colonizing nation. But if keeping everlastingly at it brings success, then I cannot but feel that one day these officers and officials, these traders and tribesmen, will find their places and play their parts in the Kaiser's imperial scheme of a new and greater Germany Over the Sea.

The Healing

Birchdale's Old Home Week Brings the Return of a Prodigal

By LEONARD HATCH



HE station agent of Perry Junction looked with some wonder at the unkempt figure half leaning, half sitting on the pile of empty berry crates which had been put off the same train from which this stranger had alighted.

"What time are the doin's at Birchdale this afternoon?" asked the stranger.

"Ball game at two-thirty. Band and speechifyin' on the Common just afterward. Grand reception to old residents in the Town Hall this evening," replied the station agent as glibly as if he had said it many times before, as indeed he had.

"Thanks," said the stranger, pulling himself up and beginning to slouch away.

"It's more'n six mile to Birchdale. You'll have to hurry if you want to get there in time for the ball game."

"I know all about the distance without your telling me." And he walked on.

The station agent was nettled. He called sarcastically after the departing questioner: "Beg pardon, I didn't realize you was an old resident back for Old Home Week."

Though the shot had told, Benjamin Corliss made no reply. He walked steadily on, out of the hot, dusty junction, along the road which unwound itself among the green hills and upland pasturage till it reached the valley where Birchdale nestled like the painted hamlet of some sun-drenched canvas.

A HUMBLE country village was Birchdale, as a rule. But just now puffed up with justifiable pride, for it was celebrating an Old Home Week—that gala period when former residents from far and near came back to the spot where they were born and bred, for a festival of joyous and tender reminiscence.

But it was in no spirit of joy or tenderness that Benjamin Corliss was following that familiar road. For it was familiar. In the past he had known every stick and stone of it, and even now, in spite of cuttings and altered growths, some curve or sudden vista would bite into him with a pang of memory. The savor of sweet fern, the drone of the bees, the hazy peace of it all, instead of soothing him, acted somehow as an irritant. Twenty-five years! That was the time which had elapsed since he had traveled this road before. But then it was in the opposite direction, away from his home, away into the big outside world. Away to make a name for himself, to win fame and wealth—so his youthful dreams ran—then to come back home to shower his parents with luxuries and to be honored as the Great Man who had gone out as a boy from that town.

That had been the dream of Benjamin Corliss. And the reality?

A twenty-five-year span begun wrong at the very outset with cocksure indifference, neglect, and then gradually bad habits and worse companions. A mad welter of dwelling places and occupations: a book agent, a salesman of wildcat mining stock, a waiter in a cheap restaurant, a stoker in the depths of rusty tramp steamers that furrowed the tropic seas, a tent man of a circus, the "barker" for a medicine show. Such were but a few of the things to which he had turned his hand. But of late years he had had little that could be called regular employment; he had merely drifted hither and thither aimlessly. He even knew what it was to ride through three States on an empty freight car—and an empty stomach. In such under-channels of life his finer impulses and aspirations had become blunted and almost obliterated. He had been in South America when his parents died, one not long after the other. And with no other relatives there, the home town had faded into the background of his memory. Moreover, he had not been too sorry to forget it thus, for even the infrequent

thoughts he had had of it of late years gave him nothing but pain.

And yet a few days past, as he picked up a newspaper which the wind had whipped against the metropolitan park bench on which he was sprawling, the tiny item about an Old Home Week in Birchdale which had leaped at him from the page sent a new and piercing impulse through his brain. Birchdale was to have an Old Home Week! He was an old resident! . . . He would go!

But not as a native of the place—not to declare himself. No; he had fallen too low for that. He would go to watch the festivities as a mere spectator, to see the old town once more, and then go away again forever.

From a pal of his in town he had borrowed the necessary carfare and had come. And now, almost at his destination, he had shuffled drearily along through the hazy warmth of a midsummer afternoon. He was spent and well-nigh sick of body. Worse than that—he was sick at heart. Not merely downcast—he was often that—but in acute mental anguish for the wasted years, the lost opportunities, the shattered hopes. How different the return from what he had dreamed in his boyhood! Memories of his old-time visions insisted on thrusting themselves forward for comparison with the ugly and deformed reality. He suffered as if from some poison which crept in malignant and inexorable fashion through his whole being. And, worst of all, he felt there was no cure.

With only such bitter thoughts for companions, Benjamin Corliss walked on until at last the two church spires of Birchdale climbed into sight above a ridge. One was new, the other he remembered. He was almost there.

He had no fear that he would be recognized. One cannot be a derelict for five and twenty years and still keep the face of youth. And, aside from this, the scrubby beard which he wore would have effectually disguised him. His patched and rusty clothes were all that would attract attention, he thought.

And he was right. As he entered the village a farmer with his wife and two buxom girls drove past him. They stared at the stranger, an uncouth figure for such a gala day, but gave no sign of knowing him. Yet Benjamin knew the man: it was "Sally" Peters—that is, it had been "Sally" in the days when he used to carry flowers to teacher and play with the girls during recess. Benjamin had no desire to meet him.

In fact, there was but one man whom he really wished to catch a glimpse of. That was Bim Lansing. His real name was Russell, but he had always been Bim in the long ago when he and Benjamin had been sworn cronies. It was Bim who had hoisted the overalls to the top of the flagpole on the Common and cut the halyards; it was Bim alone who could turn a back somersault into the swimming hole; it was Bim who had quietly let loose the six turtles in school one day. Yes, if Benjamin could but get one good sight of Bim, his visit would not have been empty. Even if he had grown bald and had lost all traces of a waistline, he would still be Bim.

BENJAMIN paused beside a barefoot youngster who sat on a stone at the roadside painstakingly extracting a splinter with a jackknife from a very dirty foot.

"Got a sliver, sonny?"

"Uh-huh."

"Does it hurt much?"

"Uh-huh; feels like a telegraph pole." And the boy ceased his surgery to examine the stranger. "Goin' t' th' ball game?" he asked.

"Where is it?"

"Reg'lar place," and the knife continued its probing. Benjamin started on, then paused, and turned back.

"I wish you'd tell me one thing," said he.

"What's that?" said the boy without looking up.

"Is there a Mr. Lansing in this town—a Mr. Russell Lansing?"

The knife clattered down on the stone, and the lad

surveyed the man with increased curiosity. "I guess you ain't from these parts," he volunteered, "askin' about Russell Lansing. Why, he's the biggest man in this town. Head selectman, owns the store, and got the fastest horse round here."

"Where does he live?"

The boy was grieved at such ignorance. "Lives with his fam'ly, o' course—in the big white house on the hill." "Thanks." And Benjamin Corliss passed on.

So. It was Bim Lansing who had become the Great Man after all—not by going away in search of greatness but merely by staying at home. Benjamin smiled grimly over the fact. But let it be set down to his credit that he felt no whit of envy. Yet the fact added to his consciousness of failure and impotency. He shrugged his shoulders and instantly decided that he would avoid his old friend. If he had been living alone, it might have been different, but to thrust himself in among them all—No, it was not to be thought of.

He passed on through the main street of the village. It was deserted; all the town had gone to the ball game. He gazed at the old landmarks scattered among the new. The old schoolhouse had given place to a new and larger one, trimmed with bunting in honor of the occasion. A drug store in a brand-new brick block had picture post cards in the window. The Town Hall, too, was new, but all town halls are unmistakable, and Benjamin would have recognized it even without the Welcome over its doorway. Almost without realizing where he was going, his steps led him along the shady street to the house where he had been born and had lived for eighteen years. A piazza had grown across its front. The well sweep had vanished. It seemed strange not to see the row of geraniums in the kitchen window. He remembered that window best as the frame for a sweet motherly face and the toss of a welcoming hand which greeted him as he came home from school or the swimming hole.

Such a surge of commingled memories swept over Benjamin that he wheeled and walked briskly away.

THE street suddenly awoke to activity. Carriages loaded with laughing, chattering people began to rattle by and turn in at the Common. Evidently the ball game was over. He heard one man remark: "Eleven to four; good enough for anybody!" and he knew that Birchdale had added a victory to its festivities. Then, as the crowd at the Common grew and grew, he recalled that the station agent at the junction had told him there was to be "speechifyin'."

In the shadow of a big tree, apart from the crowd gathered about the speaker's stand, Benjamin took his position. Several people, passing close by, stared coldly at his unkempt appearance, and he heard one comment to the effect that it was a "queer time for a tramp to be hanging about." But no one recognized him, and after the band had played "Echoes of the North and South" and "Auld Lang Syne," the speeches began. Benjamin did not know all the speakers, though all were returned sons: a lawyer from a neighboring city, a man who had been president of the Debating Club in Benjamin's day but who was introduced as "from the Legislature," and several others. The speeches of all were full of praise for the progress of the town and joy over the successful careers of her sons and daughters who had gone forth to wider spheres of activity. No knife stab could have struck more poignantly into the heart of the stranger by the tree. He tried not to listen, and looked about for familiar faces. There was Hiram Upton, whiter and even more lathlike than of old; there was Emily Pinkwood, looking as truly the old maid as she had twenty-five years ago. But near to her stood five children about a stout matron whom Benjamin recognized as his slender schoolmate, Bess Sanders. But no Bim.

Suddenly Benjamin heard the final speaker introduced: "Russell Lansing—friend of all the town." And there stood Bim in the speakers' stand. Benjamin had forgotten to look there. It was the same Bim as of old. True, he had no waistline and he was a little bald, but his eyes had their old twinkle and his voice all its old kindness as he announced the reception in the Town Hall that evening.

(Continued on page 24)

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley's Testimony in Regard to Oleomargarine

Extract from Congressional Committee hearing on the Burtleson Bill in April, 1910.

Representative Bailey: "Dr. Wiley, let me ask you this question. Do you consider Oleomargarine a wholesome article of food?"

Dr. Wiley: "I do. Now the value of a food is measured solely by two standards. First its palatability and second its nutritive properties. You need not try to convince human beings that palatability is not an element in nutrition, because it is, and yet you get a great deal more of a food if it is palatable in its taste and attractive in its appearance; because the attitude of the digestive organs changes absolutely with the appearance of the food. If you were to put butter up in the form of ink it might be just as digestible and all that and yet it would not be so useful as a food. The appearance of a food has a great deal to do with the attitude of the digestive organs toward it."

Representative Neville: "Do you think the fact that people color butter is any excuse for people being permitted to color Oleomargarine?"

Dr. Wiley: "I believe that every food product should have the same right before the law. I do not see why there should be a distinction."

Representative Baker: "You stated a minute ago that the manufacturer of every food product has the right to make it palatable to the consumer."

Dr. Wiley: "And to make it attractive in its taste, provided he tells what is in it—provided he does not injure the health of the consumer."

Mr. Burtleson: "Dr. Wiley, considering the chemical properties of the two products, butter and Oleomargarine, which will deteriorate, or begin to deteriorate first and in which is the deterioration most rapid?"

Dr. Wiley: "Well, if you mean by deterioration, rancidity, which is the common first deterioration of a fat, butter will under given conditions deteriorate more rapidly than Oleomargarine."

Mr. Burtleson: "Dr. Wiley, under the law beef cattle are inspected, are they not?"

Dr. Wiley: "Yes sir, I believe so."

Mr. Burtleson: "There is a very rigid inspection?"

Dr. Wiley: "Yes sir."

Mr. Burtleson: "And every particle of material that goes into the manufacture of Oleomargarine undergoes this same inspection, does it not?"

Dr. Wiley: "So I am told. Yes sir."

Mr. Flanders: "You do not mean that Oleomargarine made of these other fats, while it is wholesome and nutritious, necessarily has the same degree of wholesomeness and nutrition that butter and other fats have?"

Dr. Wiley: "In our examinations we found they were about the same. There was scarcely any difference between them."

Dr. Wiley is quoted as saying: "Oleomargarine, when made under proper sanitary conditions, from sanitary raw materials, is a wholesome and nutritious article of diet and usually can be sold at a smaller price than butter."

Dr. Wiley says that Oleomargarine is a wholesome article of food. That chemical analyses show practically no difference between Oleomargarine and butter, and that in his opinion it should have the same right under the law as butter.

The Grout bill, passed in 1902, imposed a tax of 10 cents per pound for the use of the same harmless coloring matter in Oleomargarine that is used in butter. This is not taxation for revenue, for the amount collected does not cover the cost of collection and expense of enforcing the provisions of the act, but is class legislation that protects one industry at the expense of another.

Oleomargarine is made under Government supervision from materials that come from animals that the government has inspected and passed as being suitable as food.

Besides the 10 cents per pound tax, manufacturers of Oleomargarine pay a Federal Revenue tax of \$600.00 per year. Wholesale dealers pay \$480.00 per year license to sell the colored product, or \$200.00 for the uncolored. Retailers pay \$48.00 to sell colored Oleomargarine, or \$6.00 to sell the uncolored.

Should you, if you choose to eat Oleomargarine on your bread instead of butter, be compelled to pay at least 10 cents per pound additional for the yellow color if it is more tempting?

Swift's Premium Oleomargarine is made in new sanitary factories, open to the daily inspection of the general public and always in charge of U. S. Government Inspectors, who pass on the quality and condition of all materials; see that everything is kept absolutely clean, and that every provision of the law governing the manufacture of Oleomargarine and its sale by the manufacturers is strictly complied with.

The tax on Oleomargarine can be removed by public demand. This is a question of greatest importance to you, the consumer. Insist on your dealer supplying you with a reliable brand of Oleomargarine—Swift's Premium Oleomargarine. Also write your Congressman and tell him when the bill for removing the tax on Oleomargarine is introduced that you will appreciate his support.

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Other styles from \$2.00 up. Sunday cards extra35
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WILSON MEMINDEX CO., 124 Dey St., Rochester, N. Y.

The band broke out into "America." It was all over. The crowd scattered into groups and dwindled away. A few clusters hung about the different speakers, and Benjamin felt a curious personal pride in noticing that the one about Bim was the largest. Finally he came walking with a friend close by the tree where Benjamin was standing. Involuntarily the lonely man took a step toward the pair. Bim's glance fell on him for just an instant, but saw nothing more than a sad-faced stranger with a scrubby beard and dilapidated clothes.

THAT night the lamplight streamed from the open windows of the Town Hall upon the alley alongside and the stone wall beyond. On this wall perched a few idlers: some young men, a group of giggling girls, a small boy, and beside him a stranger in a patched suit. All were gazing in at the reception. The walls were covered with bunting and evergreen. On one side stood a booth where lemonade was ladled out of a huge bowl, on the other a table for registration and the distribution of badges. The long line of the Reception Committee greeted the guests who filed by. The steady murmur of small talk floated out to the group of watchers on the wall.

Just why Benjamin Corliss had lingered in town that evening he could not have himself told. It may have been for the perverse reason that often causes unhappy persons to squeeze the last drop of bitterness out of their misfortunes. At any rate this bitterness was his, for the festering discouragement in his heart had never been so acute as to-night. He had decided to take a night train from the junction, to drop back out of sight for good and all. Meantime he lingered and stared hungrily at those whom he had once known.

A small voice piped at his elbow. "Are you goin' in?" inquired the youngster.

The man turned to look at the boy with a certain grim amusement that the only two persons in the town who had spoken to him were children who had not been alive in his day.

"No," said the man.

"I ain't neither," went on the lad. "Pop said I orter, but I ain't much on receptions."

Benjamin looked at the boy with more interest. He was well dressed, with a bright face and twinkling eyes.

"I told pop that if I had to wear these good clothes, that was enough for one night."

"Who is your pop?"

"My pop?—Russell Lansing."

At these words a feeling of almost fatherly affection swept over Benjamin. He moved nearer and laid his arm across the boy's shoulders.

"You don't say! So you're Russell Lansing's boy?"

"Yep."

"Do you—do you go to school here?"

"Sure."

"Like it?"

"Yes, all but the school part. But us fellers have a good deal of fun. I let a rabbit loose in school one day."

"What did your father say when he heard of it?"

"He was a-goin' to wallop me, but ma, she says: 'What about them six turtles, Russ?' And then they both laughed, and I didn't get any trouncin'."

"I should say not. Been swimming much lately?"

"Sure, every day. An' say—I nearly got now so I c'n do a back somerset. I go out an' practice before breakfast when the fellers ain't round."

Benjamin's arm tightened on the boy's shoulder. "Good boy," said he. "Ever swim round Dead Man's Rock?"

"Sure, lots o' times. But what do you know 'bout Dead Man's Rock?"

"I used to swim round it myself once—that's all."

"You did? I didn't know you was one o' the Old Home Weekers. Why don't you go in to the reception?"

INSTEAD of answering, Benjamin took his arm from the boy's shoulder. His black mood came upon him again at the youngster's last question. He stared sullenly at the ground. When he looked up, the boy had vanished.

A church clock tolled out the hour of nine. At the sound Benjamin slipped from his seat. Six miles to cover before the night train left the junction: it was none too soon to be starting. He turned away. As he did so he felt a hand on his shoulder.

A kindly voice spoke. "What's this, stranger, that my boy's been telling me 'bout an old resident who won't come in to the reception?"

Benjamin turned and looked into the eyes of his old friend.

"Bim!" said he.



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Every young man wants to play Billiards and Pool, wants to play well. The

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"Ben!"

And arm in arm the two men wheeled off into the darkness together.

The talk that passed between them was not the sort that will bear being put into writing. But by the time they had come again into the glowing radiance of the Town Hall, Benjamin felt somehow as if the poison of his heart had been transformed to a pulsing and healing current of life and hope.

As they passed up the steps Bim was just finishing a sentence: "... and I've been wanting a man like you in the store this ten years."

When they crossed the crowded floor together, people gazed after Benjamin with the respect that was always given to anyone in the company of Russell Lansing. As Benjamin finished writing his name in the registration book, Bim turned toward the girl behind the table.

"Martha," said he, "give Ben Corliss one of those badges. He's come home."

Encouragement to Kill

(Concluded from page 16)

A scarcely less flagrant case is fresh upon the records of New York: the pardon of Captain Peter C. Hains by Governor Dix. Hains was tried and convicted of shooting down his defenseless neighbor in cold blood. He was accompanied by his brother, who stood by. Both were armed; his victim was not. Yet the jury set Thornton J. Hains free and in less than two years, the actual murderer, Captain Peter C. Hains, is handed a pardon by Governor Dix.

And what is left of our huge Army of Assassins—the slender remnant—to be endangered by the law, after the work of our packed or maudlin juries, and our corrupt or pliant Governors, is all but decimated by the imbecile and outrageous quibbling of the courts. It is only the Legal Mind which could read the evidence in the Hyde trial at Kansas City, for the murder of the aged Colonel Swope (and possibly half a dozen others), and not believe that in convicting this medical poisoner the jury had not done substantial, if quite inadequate, justice. It was clearly established that Hyde had bought the poison, and that he had obtained cultures of typhoid bacilli. And he could account for the use of neither. And his victims lay dead.

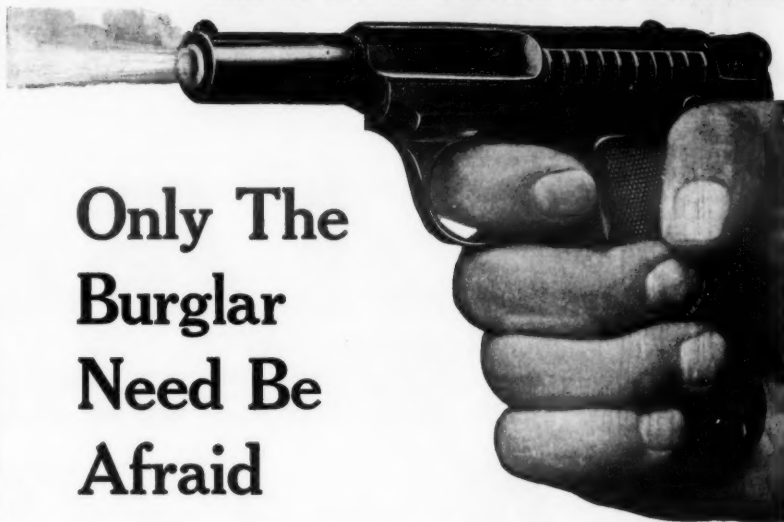
Who Are to Blame?

THE mysterious typhoid epidemic and the violent deaths stopped the day that Hyde was discharged from the Swope home. And the Supreme Court of Missouri now gives him a new trial. Let it be recorded that it was the Supreme Court of Missouri which bears the prize record, I think, for upsetting justice upon technicalities. It was this court which reversed two important criminal convictions on the ground that the word "the" had been omitted, by accident, from before the word "State," as prescribed, God knows why, by the precious Constitution of that Commonwealth.

If all this be the melancholy fact with regard to the few who are ever caught, what shall we think of the equally appalling failure of the police and of the prosecuting attorneys, either to apprehend, or to obtain sufficient evidence to convict? Not always, however, is the blame wholly theirs, for we must reckon in this country as well with an essentially lawless, if not criminal part of the population, which will protect crime even though it may not actually commit it. A typical instance was that of the murder of the young surveyor, Warner, on Seventh Avenue in New York City by the express strikers. Here was an absolutely unoffending citizen, on a well-lighted thoroughfare, mistaken for a strike breaker and set upon by a gang of bloodthirsty savages and stabbed to death. This fantastically brutal murder was witnessed by a crowd of persons, the young surveyor's gun was carried back to the strikers' headquarters and proudly displayed there as a trophy; the actual murderers must have been known to dozens of persons and repeated by hearsay to scores more, and yet a year after this murder was done, sufficient evidence has never been found to obtain a conviction.

Such is the reality, such the conditions, in a land pretending to be civilized, in the year of Grace, 1911. And still there are those to wonder that the pages of the daily journals should run red with the story of similar assassinations, poisonings, wife murders, child murders, murders by footpads, by the Black Hand, and the like. Some day I hope to have my say about the monstrous criminal and semicriminal organization of the law and the administration of justice in this country which makes possible this foul page of American life. For the moment, perhaps, it will do some good to turn on the light.

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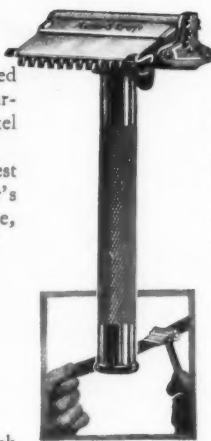


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Mr. Butts, Prop. Barber Shop
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The AutoStrop Razor, in my opinion, is the best for novice use, because he can strop a keen barber's edge onto it, and the barber's edge, of course, enables him to shave smoothly, comfortably."



Mr. Ritz, Prop. Barber Shop
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New York, says:

"Gentlemen:—The perfect mechanical construction of the AutoStrop Razor which permits the novice self-shaver to strop onto it a 'barber's edge,' should commend itself to every Barber in the world.

I do not hesitate to endorse this feature which places the AutoStrop far in the lead of other safety razors."



RITZ-CARLTON



PLANTERS HOTEL

Mr. Atchison, Head Barber
PLANTERS HOTEL
St. Louis, says in part:

"Gentlemen:—I would like to put in a stock of your AutoStrop Razors here in the Planters Hotel Barber Shop, provided you will make me the same, price you make to Druggists and Hardware Dealers. The handy stropping contrivance in your AutoStrop Razor is the only thing I ever saw, outside of a barber's fingers, that would strop a keen barber's edge."

Mr. Hoffman, Head Barber
HOTEL BELVEDERE
Baltimore, says in part:

"Gentlemen:—Your AutoStrop Razor is the only safety razor I ever recommend to my customers, because it is the only one built on the right idea, i. e., the principle of expert stropping.

Very few barbers can strop a keener edge than a novice can strop with your AutoStrop Razor. That is why everybody to whom I have recommended it comes back and thanks me enthusiastically."



HOTEL BELVEDERE

50 to 300 Shaves from one AutoStrop Razor Blade

BARBERS have many customers who are obliged, at times, for one reason or another, to shave themselves. Naturally, under such conditions, they ask their barber what razor to get. The above barbers always recommend the AutoStrop Razor because, as they say, it

is the only razor on which a novice can strop a keen edge. It is this expert stropping which makes AutoStrop blades give anywhere from 50 to 300 Head Barber Shaves. And it is this expert stropping that makes the AutoStrop Safety Razor less expensive than a dollar razor.

These Premier Hotel

BARBERS *Recommend* **AutoStrop** **Safety Razors**

Read Why



BELLEVUE-STRATFORD

Mr. Motz, Prop. Barber Shop
BELLEVUE-STRATFORD
Philadelphia, says in part:

"Gentlemen:—When a man can, it is always best to be shaved in a thoroughly hygienic, antiseptic Barber Shop like that of the Bellevue-Stratford.

But when he travels or when he cannot find a perfectly or antiseptically equipped Barber Shop, he should shave himself.

For this latter purpose I know of nothing better than the AutoStrop Safety Razor."



Mr. Corey, Head Barber
HOTEL LA SALLE
Chicago, says in part:

"Gentlemen:—Referring to your favor of the 4th, asking my opinion of your AutoStrop Razor, I beg to say that if a man wants to shave himself, and cannot strop a razor, the best thing he can do is to get an AutoStrop Razor because it will do the stropping for him and will do it quickly and conveniently, and give him an edge which will remove his beard to his entire satisfaction."



HOTEL LA SALLE



PONTCHARTRAIN

Mr. Emery, Head Barber
PONTCHARTRAIN
Detroit, says in part:

"Gentlemen:—Will you be kind enough to ship me by express one half-dozen AutoStrop Razors?

I am occasionally called upon to fit out a customer with some means for shaving himself, and frankly I always feel safe in recommending your AutoStrop Razor because your handy stropping mechanism makes it possible for a novice to give a keen barber's edge to his razor."

Mr. Myers, Prop. Barber Shop
NEW WILLARD
Washington, says in part:

"Gentlemen:—To be shaved in a fine, hygienic barber shop like the New Willard will always be the best way to be shaved. But many of my customers ask me how they can shave themselves when they have not access to such a barber shop. To those customers I always recommend the AutoStrop Safety Razor, because of its easy and effective means of stropping a good sharp edge."




NEW WILLARD

Get an AutoStrop Safety Razor Before You Forget It

The AutoStrop Razor consists of one silver-plated *self-stropping* razor, 12 fine blades and strop in handsome case, price \$5. As the stropping makes a blade last for *months*—sometimes six months to a year—the \$5 covers years of shaving expense. Get one on 30 days'

trial *today*. If not satisfactory, dealer will cheerfully refund. Price in Canada same as in United States. Factories in both countries. AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY Box 17, Station F., New York; 400 Richmond St. West, Toronto; 61 New Oxford St., London.



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THE EDWARD HOWARD
at
Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars

The watch is named in honor of the founder of the business—the man who made the first American Watch and who established the watch-making industry of the United States.

Leading horologists and scientists of the world pronounce The EDWARD HOWARD a new and remarkable achievement—destined to arouse the widest professional interest and commendation.

*Your Howard Jeweler has The Edward Howard—or can get it for you.
E. Howard Watch Works, Boston, Mass.*

Cardinal Gibbons says



I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

Manual of Prayers

The John Murphy Company is now making a special offer of the Manual of Prayers, in fine Morocco binding, together with a rolled gold chain Rosary, for \$3.00.

The Manual is bound in Morocco leather, with limp back, round corners, red under gold edges. The Rosary is a beautiful piece of goldsmithing.

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Wonderful Christmas merchandise, and 1000 toys and games. Let the Kiddies see the pictures and you'll know instantly what will please them most.

Over 50 pages of our General Winter Catalog are devoted to Christmas suggestions. Ask for that, too.

Both are free on request.

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"The sled that steers"

The ideal Christmas gift. Nothing will make the children so happy! Don't buy simply a "steering sled." Get a Flexible Flyer, the safest, speediest, handiest and most economical sled made. Can be steered at full speed in any desired direction, around all obstacles and past other sleds. Has patented spring steel runners grooved to prevent "skidding." This is far superior to flat or rounded runners on ice or snow. It is light and graceful. Easy to pull up hill, yet so strong it outlasts three ordinary sleds.

Just the sled for boy or girl. Saves shoes, prevents wet feet, colds, etc., and saves doctor's bills. If you wish the advantage of these exclusive features insist on a Flexible Flyer and look for this trade-mark on the sled.

FREE a cardboard working model. Also beautiful booklet illustrated in colors showing coasting scenes, etc. Both free. Write a postal, giving your name and address, and say "send model and Booklet." Write today!

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A Blessing

ITS work finished, the Lincoln Farm Association on November 9 turned over to the keeping of the Government the Lincoln farm near Hodgenville, Kentucky, and the memorial which houses the log cabin in which Lincoln was born. President Taft accepted the trust. Other speeches

were made by Governor Willson of Kentucky, Senator Borah, ex-Governor Folk, General Black, a Union Army veteran, and General Castleman, a Confederate veteran. Bishop Thomas S. Byrne of the Roman Catholic diocese of Nashville delivered the prayer, in part as follows:

O ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING GOD, we beseech Thee by the merits of Thy Divine and only Son, Jesus Christ, our Saviour, to look down in mercy upon all of us gathered here to-day, and graciously to bless the work to which we have set our hands.

We pray Thee that this splendid monument may stand an enduring memorial to transmit and perpetuate to future ages the name and the virtues of one of the country's greatest sons and most distinguished Chief Executives, who, during long and weary years of strife, storm, and imminent peril, ruled the Nation with wisdom and fortitude, preserved its integrity, and secured to us and to generations of Americans yet to come the blessings of lasting domestic peace and bounteous prosperity.

We pray Thee that it may teach the poor and the lowly that poverty and obscure birth, when associated with talent and virtue, are no bar to the attainment of the highest honors in the gift of the people.

We pray Thee that it may teach all citizens, both the governed and the governing, that true liberty consists not in license or anarchy, but alone in loyal and willing obedience to just and reasonable laws, enacted and promulgated by constituted authority, and administered and enforced with firmness and mercy.

We pray Thee that it may remind legislators of the wide and enduring influence of law and of the weighty responsibility that rests upon them in framing and enacting statutes for the government of the people.

We pray Thee that it may keep before the nation a luminous figure of an impartial judge and a righteous ruler.

We pray Thee that it may be a reminder to all that to the accomplishment of mighty and enduring achievements are necessary the inspiration of a great cause, wise and clear foresight, calm, firm, and prudent action, and an unflinching faith in the justice of the end to be attained.

We pray Thee, O Almighty and All-wise God, that this monument, set up to perpetuate the name of him who was the embodiment and exemplification of so many mental gifts and moral endowments, may be a means of teaching the lessons of his life to this great American people, and of thus fostering in the Republic the civic and domestic virtues that have preserved it, made it strong and great, respected at home and feared abroad, the admiration and envy of peoples and nations.

The Visit of Mme. Simone

(Concluded from page 18)

distressed and they say: 'Here you have a success and are doing so well and why do you want to try Ibsen?' You can't play Ibsen in Paris." I mentioned "The Lady from the Sea," playing here now for the first time, and wondered that it hadn't been played before, inasmuch as it was at least one of Ibsen's plays which might be said to have a happy ending.

"Ah—the 'happy ending'!" laughed Mme. Simone, and "Ah—the 'happy ending'!" echoed young M. Casimir-Perier, who leaned with folded arms on a little table near by—and both looked very knowing and amused, as if they had at last come on something immensely typical of those quaint Americans.

"That audience this afternoon," continued Mme. Simone, as if by way of illustration, "would have given a good deal not to have Chacery killed." The only trouble with that exasperating *posur*, I peevishly suggested, was that he wasn't killed sooner. But Mme. Simone didn't agree to that nor to my notions of the general artificiality of "The Whirlwind."

"There are people just like him on the boulevards. They seem real in Paris because everybody knows them—even the incident of the play itself was taken from real life. It oughtn't to be called 'The Whirlwind,' though; it isn't a whirlwind—it's a squall."

An Actress Who Thinks

FROM this energetic young woman's comments on her various rôles, it is apparent that she has a mind of her own. Her acting of Racine's "Andromaque" went quite against the traditions of the Comédie Française, much to her own amusement apparently, and she played in Maurice Donnay's "Le Retour de Jerusalem" in spite of the protests of her friends. It was put on in December, 1903, and it promptly divided literary Paris into two camps, as plays sometimes do over there. Its charm and forcefulness none could deny, but in spite of its author's protests of impartiality it was regarded by the Jews as a vindictive attack—even young Mr. Bernstein wrote a long protest to the "Figaro."

"There they sat," said Mme. Simone, shaking her fists to indicate the temper, and possibly the literal behavior, of her audience. "As much as to say how dare you—how dare you say such things! Of course," she put in demurely, "I have a great many Jewish friends. I am Jewish myself. But the things Donnay put into his play are true—both sides are given a fair chance. And why shouldn't you talk about such things?"

She asked if the Jewish question here was anything like that in France, and whether the play might interest Americans. Far be it from the present myopic

scribe to say what will "go" in the theatre, but I should like immensely to see Mme. Simone as Judith.

She was a young woman who could plan like a politician while painting little verbal aquarelles like a lyric poet; who could beg the young Frenchman who was in love with her not to forget "those walks in the country, that sense of freedom in the wide spaces where we could see the whole sky—our thoughtful silences as we returned in the cool sadness of evening—those September twilights with their odor of burning leaves"—who would talk like that to the poor young man while she was coolly arranging to have him give his support to a Jewish movement he was more than reluctant to join.

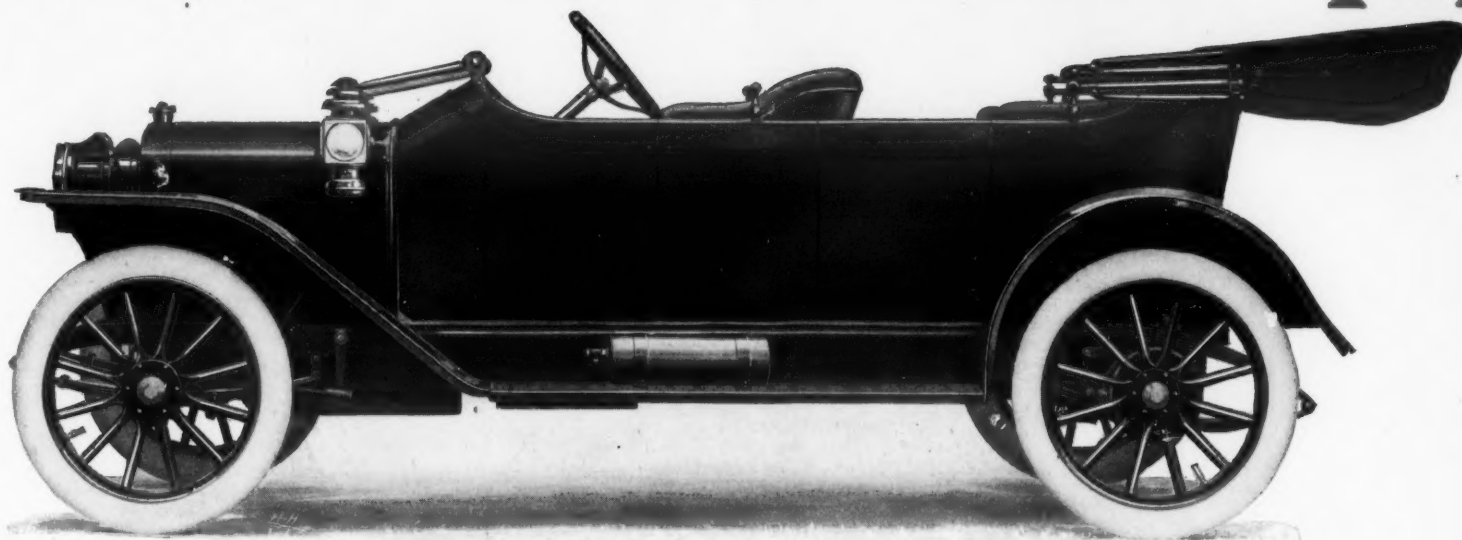
In the play he is married to a genuinely charming, if somewhat inarticulate, wife, but he finally runs away with the more intellectual and vivid Judith. She has no scruples; he is bound, as they soon find, by a thousand instinctive loyalties which she and her friends dismiss with a deprecating "traditionalism." He belongs to a nation and she, as the author puts it, to a band.

A Play that Divided Paris

THE action of the play depicts the clash, strain, and final break of these two hostile temperaments. Many of the local allusions in the brilliant third act—it darted epigrammatically over all the philosophical and political gossip of the day, and one of the characters was actually made up to represent Max Nordau—would doubtless be lost here, yet "The Return from Jerusalem" would, I should think, interest Americans more than "The Thief" or "The Whirlwind."

This is Mme. Simone's first visit to America, but not the first time that she has played in English. She learned English as a child before she learned French, and she speaks it now almost without accent, as far as the separate words are concerned, although there are moments when, speaking rapidly, the rhythm is more French than English, and a person listening at a distance might think she were talking in her own tongue. She played several years ago in London with Mr. George Alexander and an English company. The naturalness and the finish of her acting were commented on then, although then, as now, there was the same lack of harmony between her fellow players and herself that there would be if Miss Marlowe or Miss Adams, for instance, happened to speak French with unusual ease, should try to put on an American play in Paris with a rather indifferent company of French actors. This is a difficulty, to be sure, but a trivial one to those who care to see a new and vivid personality or are genuinely interested in the actor's art.

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" 5-Passenger Touring Car



\$850

F. O. B. Detroit

Fully equipped with top, side-curtains, windshield, 2 gas lamps, generator, horn, tools and tire repair kit---long stroke motor---three speeds---enclosed valves---Bosch magneto.

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Buy the car value that beats it---if you can find one

The first thing that will strike most people in reading of the R-C-H will be the price. And there is some justification for that. For a completely equipped car of this type has never been offered at anything approaching this figure.

Judged on price alone---the R-C-H---touring car, roadster or coupe---stands in a class of its own. But it's not on price---it's on **what you get for the price**, that we want you to judge the car.

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Briefly, the most thorough systematization of factory and cost problems that the automobile industry has ever seen. Little leaks, small wastes, lack of co-operation between different departments---these have been features of motor-car manufacture. Such leakage, wastage and lack of system lost only a few dollars here and a few dollars there, but they made in the aggregate a wonderful difference in the price you paid for your car.

No man, perhaps, was better fitted to appreciate these things than R. C. Hupp. He has seen service in every department of the business, culmi-

nating as head of the purchasing and repair departments of one of the largest factories in the world.

He made up his mind that with manufacturing, factory and purchasing problems properly simplified, a high-grade car could be produced at a price that would be revolutionary in the industry. And the R-C-H, turned out in the model Hupp plants, has proved his contention.

Go through the Hupp plants from end to end and you'll see all the mechanism of a vast business working with absolute precision for perfection, but you won't find a dollar of **wasted** money, or an hour of **wasted** effort.

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We could not build better for a car at any price.

Chrome nickel steel is used throughout all shafts and gears in the transmission and rear axle, and high carbon manganese steel in all parts requiring special stiffness. 123 drop forgings are used---a larger number than in any other car in the world irrespective of price.

The R-C-H crank-shaft is as large as that in many 40-horse-power cars. The radiator has one-third more cooling space than in other cars of this type.

The long-stroke motor (3 1/4 x 5) develops exceptional power and speed. The springs---full elliptic rear and semi-elliptic front---insure easy riding.

You owe it to yourself to investigate the R-C-H thoroughly, and if we can get you to do that we're satisfied. For if the R-C-H will not sell itself to you on your own investigation and judgment we don't want you to buy it. Compare it, detail for detail, with any car you have in mind at \$1500---or even higher. That is all we ask.

You can see the car at any of our branches or at local dealers everywhere. Descriptive folder will be sent on request.

CANADIAN PRICES

R-C-H 2-passenger roadster \$850; equipped for 4 passengers, \$925. R-C-H 5-passenger touring car, \$1050. R-C-H Gasoline coupe, \$1300. All prices F. O. B. Windsor, Ont., duty paid.

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A very little choice territory still remains open on this 1912 sensation. It's going fast.

If you're the right man we have a proposition of interest for you.

Specifications: Motor---4 cylinder cast en bloc. Two bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three point suspension. DRIVE---left hand. Irreversible worm gear, 16 inch wheel. CONTROL---Center lever operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. Springs---Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. FRAME---Pressed steel channel. AXLES---Front, I-Beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. BODY---English type, extra wide front seats. WHEEL BASE---110 inches. TIRES---31x3 1/2 inches all around.

Full equipment includes Top, Side-Curtains, Windshield, Two Gas Lamps, Three Oil Lamps, Generator, Horn, Tools and Tire Repair Kit.

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R-C-H "Twenty-Five" English-body Roadster

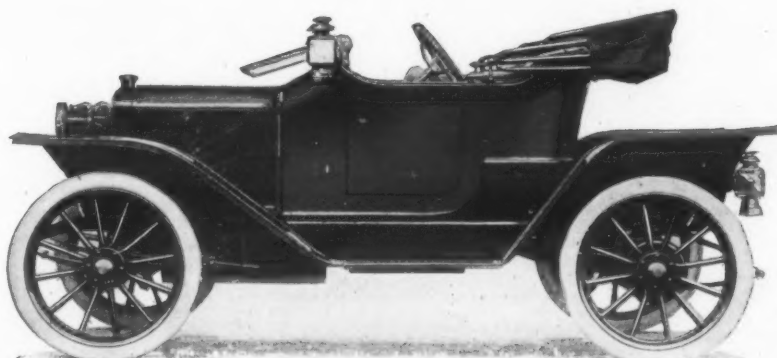
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Fully equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator---long stroke motor---three speeds---enclosed valves---Bosch magneto

The ideal car for five large classes of the public. (A)---The business or the professional man. (B)---The farmer. (C)---The salesman. (D)---The pleasure car owner with small or no family. (E)---The large-car owner who needs a smaller car, economical in upkeep, for day-to-day motoring uses.

Specifications: Motor---4 cylinder, 3 1/4 inch bore, 4 inch stroke. Cylinders cast en bloc. Two bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three point suspension. Drive---left hand. Irreversible worm gear, 16 inch wheel. Control---Center lever operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. Springs---Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. Frame---Pressed steel channel. Axles---Front I-Beam, drop-forged; Rear, semi-floating type. Body---English type, extra wide seats. Wheel Base---86 inches. Tires---30x3 inches all around. Full equipment includes top, windshield, gas lamps and generator. Equipped to carry 4 passengers---\$750.



The Average Man's Money

A Page for Investors

Queer Bait

A PROMOTER in Washington, D. C., who is selling stock in a granite quarry, offers to each buyer of a specified amount of stock a granite tombstone free of charge. The inscription is left to the choice of the buyer's surviving relatives. It ought to include something about the credulous man and his money and their easy parting.

Expensive Insurance

A NEW casualty insurance company on the Pacific Coast is selling stock to the public. In order to quicken the demand for the stock, the promoters have published a table showing the net income, losses, and claims paid, and the percentage of these latter to net income of thirty-nine American casualty and surety companies for the year 1909. Totaled, the showing is as follows:

Net income of 39 companies	\$57,103,417
Losses and claims paid	22,658,227
Excess	\$34,445,190
Percentage of losses to income	39.67

Among the big companies—only ten reported a net income over \$2,000,000—the percentage of losses and claims paid to net income varied from 18.3 of the American Surety Company of New York to 55.3 paid by the Casualty Company of America. The Travelers of Hartford—the biggest of all—paid 51.9 per cent. The lowest percentage reported was 5.2, paid by the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company. This meant a net income of \$1,357,923, and losses and claims paid of only \$70,746.

Beware Insurance Stocks!

WITHOUT assuming to pass judgment on the merits of the casualty company now selling stock on the Pacific Coast, the editor of this page wishes to warn readers against a numerous class of insurance companies—casualty, accident, fire, and life—which have been organized by stock jobbers. One estimate made recently was that more than 300 stock, or "old line," companies are doing business or are about to enter the field. This does not take account of many which never passed the organization stage. Five years ago these companies numbered 90. Life insurance companies to the number of 116, with a total cash paid-in capital of over \$33,000,000, have been organized in the last five years. These have paid in dividends to stockholders a little over \$220,000. Figure the return: Since organization, less than seven-tenths of one per cent has been paid, or an annual average of thirteen-hundredths of one per cent. And only 17 of the 116 have paid anything!

From an excellent article by C. M. Keys, printed in the September issue of the "World's Work" under the title "Insurance Stock and a Gullible Public," this statement of what became of the \$157,912.21 paid by the public for stock of the United Insurance Company is taken:

Salaries to salesmen	\$30,537.71
Traveling expenses for salesmen	10,762.22
Commissions to salesmen	2,593.03
Advances to salesmen	38,641.60
Total to salesmen	\$80,881.67
Salaries to officers	\$13,750.00
Traveling expenses for officers	1,533.44
Total to officers	15,283.44
Salaries to clerks, etc.	11,660.08
Printing, stationery	14,154.67
Rent	8,133.46
Legal services	3,237.65
Advertising	2,397.16
Postage	2,593.03
General expenses	2,031.76
Telegrams	887.57
Office supplies	1,206.40
Interest, discount, and exchange	202.23
Taxes	52.20
Furniture and fixtures	5,190.89
Total	\$157,912.21

All of this expense, Mr. Keys points out, was incurred, not in writing insurance, but in selling stock. And from the sale of stock only \$176,000 in cash was realized.

This left a balance of about \$18,000 for the company to do insurance business on. Now, the case of this United Insurance Company is not an isolated one. Rather, it is typical. In no form of investment—whether in the purchase of the company's

stock or in taking out its policies—is there greater need just now for close scrutiny. Thorough investigation is necessary—an insurance company, especially a life insurance company, should be as sound as a savings bank.

The Value of Certain Michigan Copper Mining Stocks

Based on a Report to the State Board of Tax Commissioners of Michigan by James R. Finlay, a Mining Engineer of New York

From a pamphlet report, which can be obtained from the State Tax Board of Lansing, Michigan, the following extracts bearing on the real value and the stock market value of certain Michigan copper mines are taken. The table at the end was compiled by the editor of this page—only one column of figures in it is taken from Mr. Finlay's report. It is meant to illustrate Mr. Finlay's statement that "in the majority of cases mining stocks represent nothing more tangible than hopes."

In the table will be observed the stock market value and the appraised value of Lake Copper—\$3,000,000 against \$300,000. The par value of these shares is \$25 each; according to Mr. Finlay, there is value to justify a price of \$1.20 a share; as a matter of fact, on Monday, November 6, in Boston, \$30 and a little more a share was bid. See what is said in the report to the Tax Board about Lake Copper:

"It is not by any means assured that this mine will ever pay a dividend; 14,485 tons of rock were shipped from this mine and stamped with a yield of 318,050 pounds of copper, this being an average of 21.95

"THIS report is a calculation of the value of mines to the permanent owner for the production of minerals. It is based on three factors: First, average cost; second, average prices; and third, an estimate of future life. The first two factors are determined by experience. The third factor, the life of the mine, is based partly on developed ore and partly upon an assumption of continuance of known ore bodies beyond the present bottom levels of the mines.

"The future value of a series of dividends is reduced to a present value by the annuity method; that is, a sum is calculated upon which the series of dividends will pay 5 per cent interest and also provide each year a sinking fund installment which, invested each year at 4 per cent

pounds per ton. If a large tonnage of ore of this grade could be secured and mined at average cost, this property would unquestionably be valuable. But it is stated by the management that the ore shipped to the mills was selected and cannot be taken as a fair average of the mine. At present all effort is being directed toward equipping and opening the mine on a sufficient scale to place mining on an economical basis. Ore will then be sent to one of the Copper Range mills. The cost of freight will be from fifteen to twenty cents per ton. It is not probable that under these circumstances operating costs will be less than \$2.10 per ton. This will make fifteen pounds per ton the smallest yield that can possibly meet expenses. It is hoped that this mine will prove to be something like the Baltic, in which case about 2,000,000 tons may be conceded to be opened up, which might yield about 40,000,000 pounds of copper. Conceding that this product may be obtained at a profit of one cent a pound during the next ten years, we get a present value of about \$300,000 for this property."

ties is universally recognized, whether they are quoted on exchange or not, and prices fluctuate only with the varying pressure of demand. Mining stocks do not represent anything definite. Some pay dividends, in which case their quotations are comparable with those of other securities, but in the majority of cases mining stocks represent nothing more tangible than hopes. They fluctuate wildly as these hopes rise and subside. The very fluctuations make these stocks useful for gambling. People buy them not as serious investments, but as temporary speculations; often knowingly paying far more than they are worth, on the chance of selling them to somebody else for still more. "In many cases this sort of thing has

	Capital stock	Par value	Market value	Appraised value
Ahmeek	\$1,250,000	\$25	\$8,750,000	\$7,200,000
Allouez	2,500,000	25	2,575,000	1,500,000
Atlantic	2,500,000	25	600,000	350,000
Calumet and Hecla	2,500,000	25	38,000,000	31,400,000
Isle Royale	3,750,000	25	1,987,500	1,450,000
Lake Copper	2,500,000	25	3,000,000	300,000
Mohawk	2,500,000	25	4,000,000	3,500,000
Osceola	2,403,750	25	8,400,000	6,000,000
Quincy	2,750,000	25	6,420,000	3,250,000
Superior	2,500,000	25	2,100,000	1,000,000
Wolverine	1,500,000	25	4,920,000	3,700,000

A table showing the stock market value (November 3, 1911) of eleven Michigan copper mining companies and their value according to the official appraisal made for the State Tax Board

interest and added to prior installments similarly invested and reinvested, will equal the sum taken. This sum is the amount which an investor can afford to pay for the property. For example, a dividend of \$1 continuing ten years has a present value of \$7.50.

"The reasoning from these factors is pursued to its consequences. No definite value can be placed on any property for which any of the factors cannot be determined. Whenever the working of a mine proves that expenditures will equal or exceed receipts from products at average prices, the property has no value at all and it is appraised at zero.

"It will be observed that this method makes no mention of quoted values. It may be asked, and is asked, why it is that if the products of mines are valued by the process of purchase and sale, the mines themselves should not be so valued? If the price of wheat, copper, and iron is fixed by the sales on an exchange, why not mining stocks? My answer is that wheat is good to eat. Like copper and iron, it is a staple and necessary article, tangible and definite. The value of these commodi-

been organized into a business which depends not on any intrinsic value in the properties but wholly upon gambling. For this purpose the stocks are prized, not because they are stable but because they are unstable. A notable instance of this is that of the famous Comstock mines of Nevada, which have scarcely paid a dividend in thirty years. On the contrary, the assessments have reached astounding figures, probably over a score of millions. The assessments paid by stockholders merely take the place of prizes paid by lotteries, serving no purpose except to perpetuate the gamble. The public, of course, is fed with tales of the marvelous possibilities of these great mines, and their past record is pointed to often enough. While this is an extreme case, it is wholly true that gambling forms an element to be reckoned with in every district where trading in mining stocks has become established. The copper district of Michigan is no exception. There are in it cases of terrific fluctuations in stock values. The Arcadian Mine was valued at one time at \$12,000,000; a few years later at \$60,000, by stock quotations."

The Best Preferred Stocks

FROM an excellent little booklet published by Spencer Trask & Co., under the title "Knowledge of Investment," these suggestions for the guidance of investors in industrial preferred stocks are taken:

1. The stock should be preferred both as to assets and dividends over the common stock.

2. No dividends should be paid on the common stock until accumulated dividends on the preferred are all cleared up.

3. No mortgage or bonded indebtedness should exist, and none should be created in the future except with the consent of at least a majority of the preferred stock outstanding.

4. Net quick assets (cash, accounts, and bills receivable, and fair inventory value of raw material and manufactured products) should at least equal in value the outstanding preferred stock.

5. The common stock should practically all be owned by the management, thus insuring its personal interest in the success of the business.

6. After the common stock has received reasonable dividends, some portion of the surplus should be put into a reserve fund—for betterments, additions, or the retirement of some of the preferred stock.

7. Net earnings should average for a period of years from two to three times the annual dividend requirements on the preferred stock outstanding and immediately to be offered for sale.

8. Appraisals by independent experts should be made of plant and properties, and the legality of the issue be passed upon by competent lawyers. (The dealer handling the issue must be depended upon by the investor to look after these details.)

Loan Association Stock

By SOPHIE R. WAKEMAN

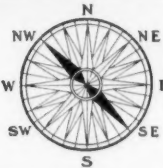
WE are investing in a local loan association as a means of saving money for our children's education. At the first issue of stock in October after each child's birth we took out one share in his name. The next year we took out another. The eldest, who will be seven in June, now carries seven shares at \$1 each per month. The second boy, who will be five in June, has five shares. The youngest, who will be two in August, has two shares. Next October we shall take out one more share for each of them, and so on each October until the first one matures. When the eldest boy is eleven his first share will mature, paying \$200.

Each child has had a bank book since the week following his birth. All the money given to the children has been placed in the bank and draws 3 per cent interest, compounded annually. The eldest boy now has \$108.50, of which \$15.79 has been interest on the deposit. The second boy has \$53.77, of which \$4.61 is interest. The third boy has \$49.27, of which 99 cents is interest.

It is our purpose when the first loan association share matures to place it to the child's account at the bank, and let him carry the balance of the shares. Thus, when he is eleven years old, he will receive \$200. It will cost him \$108 of that to carry nine shares the next year, and a balance of \$92 will be left at interest in the bank. At his twelfth year he will again receive \$200, and it will cost \$96 to carry the remaining eight shares, leaving a balance of \$104 for the bank account. The thirteenth year he receives \$200, and \$84 carries the remaining seven shares, and the bank account receives \$116. So that by the time the boys are prepared for college there will be an allowance of \$450 annually for each one for a period of four years.

In addition to this, when each child begins to pay for his loan shares out of his maturing stock, we will take out five shares to carry for him. These will mature when he is twenty-two, amounting to \$1,000, which can be used to assist in a professional education or in a business career as he chooses.

Starting with \$1 a month, gradually rising to \$23 a month at the highest point, then receding, we can give to the three boys a college or technical education, and at the close \$1,000 each to start them in life, and all of this with no material increase in our regular living expenses.



Large Profits vs. Security

A Talk to the Investor of Moderate Means

If you have \$1,000 there are several absolutely safe ways of investing it, but they invariably yield small profits.

Dozens of unsafe forms of investment are daily offered; they hold out hope of large returns.

We have an investment which stands midway between these two classes. It has not the absolute security of a government bond—yet it is not risky.

We offer you an allotment of five large, well located building lots, one in each of five selected towns in the Pacific Northwest. We say "selected towns" because we have carefully chosen seventeen out of over three hundred towns, all of which we personally investigated.

We say "well located" lots because our land in these towns is the best to be had.

These seventeen towns bid fair to become large cities. Some are railroad centers, others have rich agricultural resources, others timber lands, and still others are coal or mining towns.

All are on new railroads—all show remarkably rapid, normal growth—not any are "dream" towns.

If you are alive to the future of the Pacific Northwest—if you realize this great country must have other large cities, we think we can convince you that our towns have the best chance of becoming these needed cities.

Five lots, one in each of five chosen towns, dependent on widely different resources and located along new railroads in five great states. A selling plan which divides the risk—gives you five opportunities for profit.

Attractive prices—easy payments if you wish. We ask you to investigate this offer. Do not write out of mere curiosity.

Capable Salesmen Can Arrange To Represent Us In Their Districts

Northwest Townsite Company
308 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Melvin Vaniman

(Continued from page 17)

over a year ago up in the Arctic. Not a speck of mold or a worn spot in it."

Overhead and about us in the big shed the lines of the *America* were then taking shape. The long steel car below the deck was to give it a low center of gravity, because the balloon used in the Arctic swung about too much; there were five different gas bags inside the main envelope because the balloon in the Arctic had stood on her nose one day when the gas suddenly ran to one end and the heavier air to the other; there was an equilibrator of steel cables and gasoline casks, because an equilibrator built of leather had torn itself free in the Arctic, and had wrecked the expedition only eleven hours out from the starting point.

While the storm of newspaper criticism was breaking over the Wellman-Vaniman expedition last year, and the *America* was not yet finished, I was daily at the balloon shed, week in and week out. And I had not the heart to say a word in criticism of one who was so hard at work; I never came to the shed so early that he was not there before me—and I often came down the ocean front for a sunrise walk—and I never lingered so long after dark as to outstay him. In those days I would see him one day worrying because a crank shaft trembled under the pull of the propeller, and the next day taking the whole shafting apart to see whether a new fashion of mounting it would overcome the difficulty.

The Success of the America

HOW Vaniman and his associates worked away on the *America* until she was at last airworthy, and how they sailed away to break all world's records for time in the air and distance covered, everyone knows. Not everyone knows that to Vaniman belongs the credit for pushing the adventure of 1910 to its conclusion, and while the others who came back on the *Trent* were explaining the defeat, Vaniman was counting up the successes of the adventure; while they were condemning the famous equilibrator, he was declaring that without it they would never have gone anywhere, whereas with it they had broken all world's ballooning records. He had not faltered a whit in his faith in the dirigible. I knew then, as I talked to him coming up the bay, that he would be at it again, and that somehow a backer would be found.

During all last winter I kept hearing of new backers—indifferent backers who were in the game for advertising purposes: a committee from one town, a boomer and booster from another, showmen of Coney Island, and boards of trade of various inland cities.

Then I heard of one who was after Vaniman's own heart. He was rich; he could afford to lose his money, he wanted no advertising for himself or his business, and he wished the expedition to be named "The Vaniman Expedition" and the balloon *Akron*, after his home town.

When it was proposed that his trademark be used as a figurehead for the airship, Mr. Weiberling replied:

"I wouldn't cheapen myself and Mr. Vaniman by doing that. I backed the enterprise for myself personally because I wanted to. I shall not miss the money. When Mr. Vaniman came to me to ask how much I could build a balloon bag for, he had some backers. I saw they were putting obstacles in his way because they didn't understand him or his problem. I remembered the days when I was a boy with an idea about detachable rims. I recalled how I had had to fight and struggle and face opposition in a thousand forms. I had made a vow with myself in those days that if ever it became my privilege to help some one else who was fighting for an idea, so that his conflict with stupid people who could not understand would be lessened, I would step into the breach."

A Prediction

SO the *Akron* took shape just as Vaniman had dreamed of her in his heart while the *America* was chugging along above the Atlantic. And that is why Vaniman ended his second Atlantic City campaign with a good heart, in fine spirit, and with none of that worried, overwrought exhaustion in mind and body with which he stepped aboard the *America* in 1910, to pilot her out to sea. That is why he is as confident as ever of the vast future for it—full of faith in the coming dreadnoughts of the air, secure in the belief that the dirigible has far greater possibilities than the aeroplane. His prediction is that we shall ship whole batteries of artillery—guns, men, and ammunition—aboard dirigibles, and drop them overnight where they are most needed.



The Hermitage, the Nation's Second Mt. Vernon

TRAVELING SOUTH THIS WINTER?

Stop Over in Nashville—You'll be Delighted With the Place, the People and the Climate.

A trip South would not be complete unless you include Nashville. There's a lot of reasons.

It is the half-way point on direct trunk lines between the East or Middle West and extreme Southern points—a pleasant break in travel. No finer climate in the world at the very time the public travels South or is returning. Nashville is a wholesome city, hospitable, entertaining, endowed with great natural advantages and surrounded by points of real historical interest.

Outdoor amusements, fine drives, and a beautiful and rich surrounding country. You'll find near

NASHVILLE

—the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson, the nation's second Mt. Vernon.
—the great Mammoth Cave, one of the wonders of the world, incomparable in grandeur and beauty.
—the battle grounds of Nashville, Franklin, Fort Donelson, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge.

—the tomb of President Polk, two National Cemeteries.

—on every side beautiful Southern homes.

—splendid hotels, that in point of service and satisfaction, challenge comparison with any of the large hotels of the country.

This will be a splendid opportunity for business men and manufacturers to combine business with pleasure and see Nashville with a view of establishing a plant or a branch in the city of opportunity. For any kind of information, address

NASHVILLE INDUSTRIAL BUREAU
206 Stahlman Bldg. Nashville, Tenn.

Monthly talk on a New York real estate investment

ADDRESSED TO THE READERS OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THE one huge fortune-builder that dwarfs all other sources of wealth is real estate.

For ages land has been the safety vault of fortunes and its advance has created countless others. The assessed valuation of real estate in New York City alone in the last census decade advanced from \$2,960,653,529, to \$7,044,192,684, an increase of over \$100,000,000 more than the total output of all the gold mines in the world for the same period.

This tremendous, relentless advance in values supplies at once the two essentials of the ideal investment—SOUND SECURITY and DEMONSTRATED EARNING POWER.

The founders of the American Real Estate Company, the original and oldest real estate company in New York, realized this fact nearly a quarter of a century ago and acted accordingly. They began the systematic purchase of select properties, along rapid transit lines, in the path of the city's greatest growth, and in the building of this business they issued and offered to investors their 6% obligations. Originally capitalized at \$100,000, the Company now has assets of more than \$23,000,000, and A-R-E 6s, held

by thousands of investors the country over, have long ruled favorites in their particular field.

Why?

Because of their ample, assured security.

Because they are backed by the demonstrated results of 23 years of successful and honest business management.

Because they have paid 6% interest continuously, ON TIME, and matured principal at par EVERY TIME.

They have matured more than \$7,000,000 in principal and interest and one-third of the contracts outstanding are re-investments on the part of thoroughly satisfied purchasers. Such endorsement ENDORSES.

A-R-E 6s are the direct contract obligations of this Company, and are issued in two forms: Coupon Bonds, in denominations of \$100 and upward, earning 6%, payable semi-annually; and Accumulative Bonds, purchasable by instalments of \$25 or more a year, earning 6% interest compounded, maturing \$1000 and upward.

If you have funds to invest at once, or if you wish to lay aside a few dollars each year to create definite capital for a certain time, let us tell you about our Bonds, and the business upon which they are based.

American Real Estate Company

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PARIS GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Sold 'round the World

Look for the name PARIS on every garter.

A. STEIN & COMPANY, Makers
Congress St. and Center Ave.
CHICAGO U. S. A.



\$5000 ACCIDENT \$9 a yr. INSURANCE

Accident Insurance—Minimum Cost
For business, office and professional men—you can now buy a high class accident policy for \$9 a year; \$1000 up to \$5000 for term of years, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100. Established on same plan as the traveling men's accident association—proven successful and reliable. Why pay \$25 per year?
Our free folder tells about our plan and points you to accident insurance. Write for it. No agent will call.
UNITED BUSINESS MEN'S ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION
870 Plymouth Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

ASK YOUR TAILOR FOR THE GENUINE TYROLEAN KAISERLODEN

THE FINEST WEATHERPROOF MATERIAL FOR LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S ULSTERS AND AUTOCOATS
ARTHUR KOENIG COMPANY
SOLE IMPORTERS MILWAUKEE, WIS.



Let This Book Be Your Guide In Buying Business Stationery

It is the key to the door of efficient business paper

IT is well to know what other firms are using, and what they have to say. This book tells you.

It will do more in ten minutes to put you on the right road to good stationery than our advertising could do in ten months.

It is a snappy, handsome little book full of unsolicited opinions from Doctors, Lawyers, Merchants and Chiefs—in the business world.

It is "Their Opinion" of



COUPON BOND

Fac-simile Water-mark

The De Luxe Business Paper

To further augment this book it would be well to have our portfolio of Specimen Business Forms—Printed, Lithographed and Die-stamped on the White and Seven Attractive Colors of COUPON BOND.

If you really want efficient stationery, both the Book and the Portfolio will be invaluable to you.

Look for the "Eagle A" Water-mark

It's a good habit.

It appears in 34 Bond Papers of proven quality and known worth

Send for both today. In writing please use your business letter-head.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO.

23 Main Street, Holyoke, Mass.

The Soul Trapper

(Continued from page 19)

thing that poets could sing of. Ja. It was good to think that there were women like her in the world. I cannot tell you of the feelings that she stirred in me. A man may read of an act, but when he sees it—Ach! It is different.

"She did not ask any questions, and that is the wonder of it. Is it not? She just looked at me and at the cursed jungle that was crushing in all around the bungalow, and she seemed to know everything that I knew. I cannot make it clear to you, but she understood things in a way that puzzled me.

"DO you know, she never mentioned Hanslaw all that day? Well, she did not. She did not mention his name. She just sat by that little window and stared at the trees. Once only she looked at me, and I said: 'Some time before midnight,' before I could stop myself. And she nodded when I said it.

"She did not eat anything much. She just nibbled like a canary, and I knew that she was praying for the night. That madman was somewhere up in the hills sleeping, but I knew that he would be down to give my bungalow a bombardment when the night came down thick.

"When the darkness fell like a blanket, she stood up and walked to the door, and I stood up too.

"Miss Leslie, I said, 'you must not go far. You are in a wilderness.'

"I am only going into the clearing,' she said. 'I promise you that I will not go further.'

"She looked at me with those big blue eyes of hers that Hanslaw used to see through the smoke of the slush lamp when he was working, and then she went quietly out into the dark. The moon was not up, and the night was so thick that you would think it possible to cut up the darkness into cubes and build things out of it. A tropical night has a breed of blackness that you will not find anywhere else. It made me nervous to let her go, but I knew it was no use trying to stop her, and I knew that she wanted to go by herself. She had come six thousand miles to do something, and I was nothing in the scheme of things. Nothing at all.

"But I was nervous. You know how some nights are more silent than others? Well, this was one of those silent nights. You cannot get them in the city, but in the jungle they are plentiful. The atmosphere was that heavy that you felt inclined to put up your hand and push it off the back of your neck.

"About an hour after the girl went out I called to her, and she answered me from that big tapang tree in the clearing. 'I am all right,' she said. 'Please do not worry about me.'

"BUT I could not keep from worrying about her. I strained that thick night for noises till my ears ached, and every time a twig cracked in the jungle I was at the door with my neck poked forward like a water snake. It was a night when you would expect things to happen, and that graveyard silence made me perspire, I tell you.

"I was just going to call out again to the girl when that thick night air was set quivering. It was like as if little threads of purple and silver and gold were being threaded in and out of the dark patches, and I gasped. She was singing. She was singing out there in the night, and I had never heard such singing. No, I did not. I forgot that I was in Borneo when I heard it. It just crushed out the darkness and the loneliness of this inferno and lifted me up and took me ten thousand miles away. Mother of me! Yes. It had that soft croon in it that a mother brings to a sick baby, and you cannot hear that every day. I wish we could, don't you? It would keep us wholesome and clean, perhaps.

"I moved out of the doorway and listened. Her voice was as sweet as the silver tulip bell at the Dilwara Temple. It did not spring at you like some voices. It swirled around and around like silk lariat, and you could not tell whether she was in the clearing or across the river. It was wonderful. I have never heard such singing.

"She stopped for a second as if she wished to listen, and before the notes of her song had died away, a stone crashed against the window of the bungalow, and a hyena laugh went up into the night like a brass blare. I was never more sick in my life than at the moment I heard that devilish scream. It was terrible. I had to sit down on the step because I had no strength to stand. I was sick with the thoughts of what she was suffering.

"The girl started to sing again, and there was no more laughing. And there

were no more stones. She sang and sang and sang, and the jungle listened. Gott! it was weird. I never felt the mystery of this place till that night. Somewhere in the tree masses was a man whose soul had gone out of his body, and she was trying to bring it back. Perhaps you cannot see how big it was to me on that night, but I tell you that I never heard anything like it. I am not the most emotional of men, but I have never had such strange sensations in my life. Her singing went into the very marrow of my being, and made me feel as if I had come up against something that the world had overlooked in its haste to make dollars. I don't know what it was. I cannot explain it to you. But it was a soul calling to a soul. Ach! Yes!

"I STAYED awake all through the night. There were no more stones or no more laughter. But she sang on. Toward dawn, when the first bit of baby pink came up out of Micronesia, I shook myself and stumbled down through the clearing. She was standing near the tapang tree where she had been eight hours before, and I took her by the arm and led her inside the bungalow. Her dress was all wet with the dew, and her face was as white as the snow on the Himalayas. But she never spoke. Not one word about the night. Not a single word.

"The next night it was nearly the same thing over again. But there was one exception. That madman threw a stone at the bungalow, but he did not laugh his infernal hyena laugh. He crept away quietly after he had thrown the rock, and to me that was wonderful. For three months he had been doing that nightly howl, and suddenly he became dumb. It was strange, wasn't it?

"And the next night he threw stones, but it did not seem to give him the devilish amusement that he got out of the business before she started to sing. No, it did not. He did his little cannonade and then he crept away or listened to her in the trees. But the fact that he was somewhere near and yet not visible to her, was making that girl suffer. I saw that. She was being crucified by the black jungle that held him from her; but there was nothing for me to do. Once I hinted at some scouting work, but I dropped that hint in a hurry. It was not on her program. All I could do was to sit and wait, and try and coax her to eat something that would keep her strength up.

"Night after night she sang in different places around the bungalow, and those big trees seemed to listen to her like so many giants. And then, after about two weeks of that, Hanslaw stopped throwing stones. But he was there in the dark. She knew that, and I read the information in her face. I could see it, and I could hear it in her voice.

"Then one night, it was a fine moonlight night, the miracle happened. The Samarahan River looked like a belt of silver, and the snags stood up like black spikes that were holding it down in its bed. The girl was down near the bank singing softly to the tapang trees, and I crouched here in the shadow of the bungalow and wondered what would be the end of it all. I began to think that I was a fool to write that letter to the United States. I thought that it would have been better for me to have said nothing or to have written a letter saying that Hanslaw had got lost in making a trip into the interior.

"Presently she started to sing in a way that I had never heard before. It was more wonderful than I had ever heard her sing. And in that moonlight it had a witchery in it that was astounding. It was a magic melody. I crept down through the bushes till I could see her. She was standing right on the bank of the stream, and she was looking across the river to that strip of sand that you can see directly in front of the little landing.

"I followed the direction of her eyes, and then I saw. Yes, I saw Hanslaw. Ja! I had never seen him fully since the day he ran away. He was standing on the strip of bare sand, and he was looking straight across at her. He stood like a statue. His limbs were bare, and the only thing he had on him was the bark-cloth *chawat* that he had put on when he threw away his clothes.

"I laid down flat on my stomach and waited. There seemed to be nothing in the world but those two people. That is so. It was just a big empty globe in which a girl fought for the soul of a man against the jungle. That was how it seemed to me. It is only in a place like this that you could see a drama like that. Can you picture it? There was the silver stream in which the dirty scaly-



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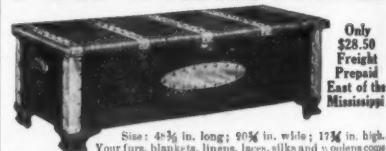
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remedy cases of flat-foot and fallen arches. They contain no metal props, but are made with a flexible arch-structure that stimulates exercise, thus causing the weakened foot muscles to recover their strength.

If you have no foot-troubles at all, but still desire an ideal, high-grade shoe for comfort and service, you'll be delighted with this shoe. In any case where these shoes fail to do all that we claim, we will cheerfully refund the price, \$7, and also the return express charges.

Write today for folder, describing these shoes designed, produced and sold exclusively by us.



This actual photo shows the remarkable flexibility of our shoe.

COES & YOUNG CO., 20 School St., Boston We have a record of the shoe, width and last of the shoe bought by every individual who has ever traded with us. In this way we fit accurately by mail hundreds of former Bostonians who now live in distant parts of the United States and its dependencies.

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Special for Self Shavers. Send no money, we will send razor by mail and if you find it entirely satisfactory and the best razor you ever used send us \$1.50 our introductory price on our celebrated "505" Special Razor. If not satisfied return by mail and you are under no obligations to us. Remember, the value is in the blade—no fancy trimmings, built to meet all requirements of a perfect razor not found in safety for self shavers. Made from hand forged razor steel, oil tempered, hollow ground, round or square point, finely balanced black handle, with absolute guarantee—no ifs on its merit. Send name, occupation and permanent post office address to DORCHESTER & CO., Dept. 17, 219 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

backed crocodiles were sleeping, the madman on the other side, and the girl. And I was the only spectator of a play that was bigger than anything Shakespeare ever conceived.

"HANSLAW saw her. He could not help seeing her. She was right down on the bank, and the big moon lit up the place like the Unter den Linden on a festival night. For five minutes he stood motionless, and all that time she sang a soft old ballad that would tear the heart out of an image. That is so. She was singing for her own life as well as for his. I knew that. Her voice never had such melody in it as it had at that minute, and it will never have it again. I am sure it will not.

"She stopped with a little choking trill, and Hanslaw moved restlessly. I clawed the ground to keep from springing on to my feet. Then that half-naked man moved around like a restless panther, his body half turned toward the trees as if he was inclined to spring into the dark depths.

"She started to sing again, and he was still till she had finished. Then his nervousness gripped him again. It seemed as if he was afraid of some one cutting off his retreat. It was terrible to watch. Her singing seemed to hold him while she sang, but the moment she finished he was ready to spring back into the trees at the slightest sound.

"The girl stopped exhausted, and he made a quick move for the shadows. He had crossed the sand when something happened. I do not know if she threw herself into the water or if the rotten bank gave way beneath her when she was leaning out. I think it was the latter. But before I could get on my feet she was being swept along by the current down the river!

"You know what this Samaritan River is? It is alive! In that dirty mud there are thousands of crocodiles. It is so. I got to my feet with the most awful feeling that I have ever felt, and, as I did so, a cry like the cry of a lost soul came from Hanslaw, and his long naked body shot out like a shaft into the silver stream where the girl was battling. That was a horrible cry that he gave. I can hear it now if I shut my eyes. I will always hear it. I will never forget it. Do you know what I am talking of? It was the cry of the soul coming back to the body it had left. And I heard it!

"He reached her in three strokes, and he swam toward this side of the shore. I prayed then. I did. I had not prayed for ten years, but I prayed quick as he was striking out for this bank. I knew then that God Almighty had done something in His own way, and that He had made me a witness of the miracle.

"She had fainted when he reached the bank, and I crouched in the shadow and watched him. Very gently he picked her up in his long, sinewy arms and carried her up to the bungalow, and I walked on air as I followed. I was stunned. I was incapable of doing anything. That is so.

"He carried her in the door and placed her on the couch that was just inside, and then she came to her senses and spoke to him. I listened in the dark outside. For a minute he did not answer, then he spoke as if the floodgates of his soul had been suddenly ripped away, and I crawled away down to the Dyak village. It was not for me to hear any more. I had heard enough. *Ja!* I had heard enough to tell me that she was as safe as if she was in her mother's home in Baltimore. That was all I wanted to know.

"In the morning I came back here. Hanslaw had on a clean drill suit of mine, and he had shaved himself with my razor. When I came to the door he caught my two hands and held them for three minutes without speaking. Then the girl came out from the other room and put an arm around his neck, and the other arm around mine. And the three of us cried. I am glad to think that I could cry at such a time.

"You are a good fellow, Hochdorf," said Hanslaw. "Ethel is taking me home."

"AND that girl put her arms around my neck and kissed me then, and that is the greatest reward I have ever got. I am sure it is. She was one of God Almighty's angels, and Hanslaw and I were but two pieces of mud alongside her. That is all we were. She was the greatest woman I have ever known."

"And now?" I asked, as the German stopped speaking.

"I got a letter from them yesterday," he replied. "He is lecturing in one of the European capitals, and he is making good. He is a great naturalist, as I told you. But that woman—*Ach Gott!* Hanslaw was right about the flowers. They would not bud in spring if there were not women like her in this world. That is so."



Let Your Boy Do Some Useful Work and Keep Him Out Of Mischief

The way is not to forbid his doing things, but to suggest things that interest him. The best guide in the world is the new

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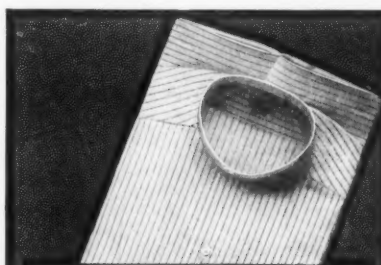
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THE motor of an automobile corresponds in importance to the "works" of a fine thing to do is to take a good look at the engine. Look it over carefully. Make the dealer go into minute detail. This will give you a better idea of the car's real value.

Any manufacturer can tell you his motor is efficient, dependable, reliable, economical—in short, give you all of the regular, pet, stock-in-trade adjectives. These words are all found in the dictionary. But beyond that you don't hear very much. Anyone can make a general statement, but when it comes to backing it up with sound facts—that's a horse of another color. The purpose of this is to tell and prove to you (with supporting facts) how good the motor in our \$900 motor car is—what it is and how it is made. And anyone who is the least bit motor-wise will recognize a really good engine.

It is utterly impossible in this space, to go into this matter as thoroughly as we would like to. But these few facts tell you the whys and wherefores of a motor which we know is by far the most efficient for its size, ever made. You can see by the illustration what a clean cut job it is. Its action is just as fine as its looks.

The motor in our \$900 five-passenger fore-door touring car is the four cylinder four cycle type.

Cylinders have large water-jackets and are cast singly, increasing cooling efficiency with the advantage of being able to replace a single cylinder at low cost should an accident occur. These cylinders are cast from a close grained metal from our own formula. The crank shaft and connecting rods and all other forgings are of high carbon manganese steel.

All bearings, cylinders, pistons and rings are ground to accurate and tested smoothness, insuring long life, freedom from wear, and positive compression. The cylinders are offset from the crank shaft to obviate the dead center at the time of impulse. The motor is suspended on three points from the main frame, which is braced for this purpose, thus dispensing with the complication and added weight of a sub-frame. This construction is ideal, as it allows for the twisting of the car on rough roads, and eliminates the liability of a disalignment. The entire motor is constructed with a view to accessibility of all parts that might possibly require attention.

The valves are made from thirty-five per cent. nickel steel heads electrically welded to carbon steel stems. All the wearing surfaces of the

valves are ground to a one-thousandth part of an inch. They are of the mushroom type and interchangeable. Owing to their peculiar design and large size they enable the motor to develop at least *fifteen per cent. more horsepower* than any other motor of the same bore and stroke. The lower end of the valve stem is hardened and comes in contact with a fibre insert in the adjusting screw, which in turn fits into the square push rod. This contributes largely to the silence of the valve action, and permits adjustment for possible wear.

The cam shafts are drop forged (in our own drop-forging plant, which is the largest in the industry) oil-treated and case-hardened. They are ground and machined automatically, which means positive accuracy in the relative position of one cam to another. Owing to the large bearing areas throughout, the motor will run indefinitely without perceptible change in valve-timing, for which possibility, however, a means of adjustment is provided.

This is the only car of its class with a five-bearing crank shaft. This feature gives a support on each side of each connecting rod as it delivers its power stroke, which insures the greatest possible rigidity and keeps the crank shaft in perfect line on its bearing. The crank shaft is drop forged from one piece of carbon manganese steel and rotates in five bearings of unusually liberal peripheral area, resulting in quietness and extreme long life.

The crank cases are cast in two sections, of the finest grade of aluminum alloy attainable. Such metal is used principally for lightness, and while more expensive than other kinds, it enables us to use a welded construction of very superior strength. The casting of these cases is done in our own foundry.

We equip this motor with a standard carburetor, chosen for its adaptability to the work required. The special advantages are those of quick vaporization and consequent easy starting; economy of fuel with the greatest percentage of power for a given amount of gasoline, and satisfactory operation at all speeds, obviating difficulties often encountered at slow motor speed. Its very accessible location, its simplicity of adjustment and the ease with which our carburetors start the motor are inherent points of superiority.

No other motor in the world is given a more severe test and thorough inspection. Just as soon as it is assembled and ready to be bolted into the frame, it is sent down to the engine testing room for what is known as a block test. The engine is belted up for two hours, and driven by other than its own power to limber it up so that it will start easily. Then it is put onto the block and run from 8 to 16 hours under its own power. During this time two inspectors watch the engine performance constantly, testing it frequently by brakes, until, in their judgment, based on long experience, it is ready to be inspected by the foreman in charge of this department. Then the foreman goes into an examination of the engine very thoroughly. And if there is the slightest indication of anything but the smoothest sort of work—if the engine does not turn up the power that it should—it is sent back to the chief inspector of the engine assembly department.

After being thoroughly tested, the engines are sent, together with the remainder of the parts that make up the assembled chassis, down to the chassis assembly room, where they are assembled and then turned over to the road testing department.

This should give you a good idea of the thoroughness of the motor in this \$900 car. And every other part of this automobile is just as good as it can be made. It is a high grade car, and a careful comparison of the entire machine will absolutely prove to your own satisfaction that no other maker can sell this car at this price without losing money.

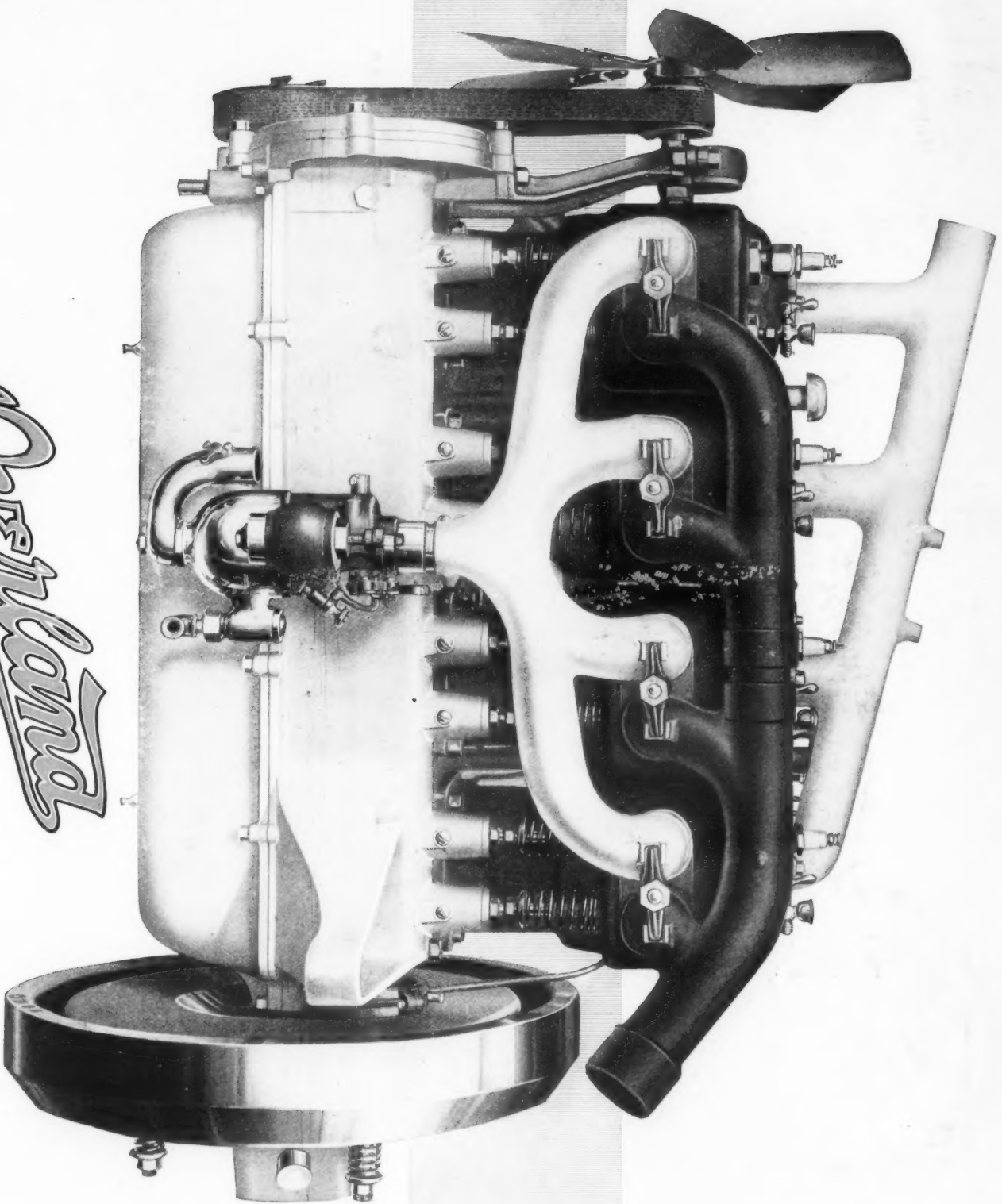
We have published a book for those who cannot come to Toledo and have a trip through our enormous plants. It takes you over the entire 80 acres. It shows how we make every part of every Overland car. It shows you the car from start to finish—from raw material to the complete article. It is a treatise of the industry's greatest factory. It explains our great equipment and shows how we can produce our cars to sell at prices from twenty to forty per cent. lower than other cars. It is written in an interesting and readable style and is full of valuable information. What we did not have room to say here, of the motor in this \$900 car, will be found complete in this book. Drop us a line today, and we will see that you get one of these books by return mail. It also shows our complete 1912 line with prices, specifications and full descriptions.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 59-T-5-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car. \$900

Wheel base 106 inches; motor 4x4½; horsepower 30; Splidort magneto; transmission selective, three speeds and reverse, F. & S. ball bearings; tires 32x3½ O. D.; 3 oil lamps and 2 gas lamps and generator. Complete set of tools. Top and glass front \$50 additional.



A Word About the Efficient Motor In This \$900 30-Horsepower Touring Car

THE motor of an automobile corresponds in importance to the "works" of a fine building. It is the heart of the machine, and its efficiency is the key to the car's performance. To do is to take a good look at the engine. Look it over carefully. Make the dealer



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